ALPINE SKETCHES,

COMPRISED IN A

SHORT TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

HOLLAND, FLANDERS, FRANCE,

SAVOY,

Switzerland and Germany,

DURING THE SUMMER

OF

1814.

BY

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

L'habitant paisible y conserve encore les mœurs simples des premiers temps.

ROUSSEAU.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner Street, London

TO THE

REVEREND JOSEPH JEFFERSON,

ARCHDEACON OF COLCHESTER, &c. &c.

Whose Talents and Virtues are too deeply imprinted upon the hearts of all who know him to need the Records of a feeble Pen,

THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL HEART,

IS,

WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT

AND ESTEEM,

DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

L'unico ben, ma grande,
Che avanza a' disastri agl' infelici
È 'l distinguer da' finti i veri amici.

METASTASIO.

Our Booksellers' windows are already crowded with Wanderings, Trips, Tours, Visits, Sketches, and Guides, and behold here is another, without pretensions, name, or preface intruded upon the public, whose intellects are insulted by such an accumulation of trash. Who is the author?

All very true, Sir; but a preface is an awkward thing to write in these days, when every kind of apology has been long since exhausted by our scribblers and over-ruled by our Reviewers; besides, the Author of the following pages is now again upon the road to Italy, and not in the way to write one.

"Short is the course his restlessness has run,
"Yet long enough to leave him half undone;
"His early dreams of good outstripp'd the truth,
"And troubled manhood follows baffled youth."

Lara.

A characteristic precipitation led him to wander through Holland last spring, and as the power of the French Usurper waned, he approached his Metropolis, where, through the valuable introduction of his friend, Mr. T. Elde Darby, a fellow collegian, whose abilities and exertions had unfortunately been long lost to his country in the gloomy dungeons of a French fortress, he was honoured by the notice of one of the most distinguished families at the Parisian court, whose condescending goodness requires no further encomium than that bestowed upon it by the innumerable and well-known acts of benevolence which universally follow the steps of the accomplished and amiable Countess de Sainte Aulaire.

Leaving Paris with sentiments of individual gratitude, rather than of public esteem, he proceeded into Swit-

zerland, where, following the maxim of *Sallust*—" Quo mihi rectius videtur quoniam vita ipsa quâ fruimur brevis est, memoriam nostri quam maximé longam efficere," he noted, with feelings of peculiar delight, the romantic scenery and simple character of the happy peasant who builds his cabin in the delicious retirement and peaceful quiet of the Alpine vallies.

Yet, aware " *que les sensations ne sont rien que ce que le cœur les fait etre,*" and that happier dispositions would have derived greater pleasure from mixing in the dissipated circles of the French metropolis, than amongst the sombre forests and chilling ices of the Alps, he would most humbly apologize for the impoverished state of his faculties, and the numerous errors of his pen, which he is fully sensible can never raise him

" **Above the limits of the vulgar fate.**"

ERRATA

Page 65, *for* [illegible]

— [illegible]

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ALPINE SKETCHES,

&c. &c.

CHAP. I.

"Rem tibi quam noris aptam dimittere noli."

"With all my heart," said I, as H—— carelessly mentioned the idea. Some few objections were started; but by the help of a little Oxonian logic, they vanished; and when the carriage drew up to the door of the Crown at Henley, our minds were made up, and accordingly four horses were ordered for Rotterdam. To ensure our being in time for the next day's packet, we remained in London only so long as was

requisite to procure a few articles for our journey; and, travelling in the direction of a well-known road without meeting with any adventure, found ourselves next morning at Harwich. The packet could not sail till the following morning; but the kind hospitality of Mr. Cox recompenced us for the delay, and we passed the day in making the necessary arrangements for our voyage.

"Nos patriam fugimus et dulcia linquimus arva,"

said I, as the last speck of English land sunk into the ocean. We were all much indebted to Mr. F——, a very agreeable companion, whose vivacity and good humour prevented above fifty grumbling passengers from finding fault with their crowded accommodations. We were still more fortunate in having several ladies of the party, particularly a Miss G. and her brother, who were on their way to Germany.

I landed about nine in the morning at

Helvoetsluys;—it was the first of April, which seemed a bad omen at the outset of my tour. We all breakfasted together at Hobson's, the English house, and I found great difficulty in getting permission to proceed further, having in my haste forgotten to procure a passport in London. However, by the kind interference of some of my fellow passengers, the obstacle was removed, and taking a survey of this strongly fortified, but dirty fishing town, we obtained a conveyance to the Brill, a pretty neat town about six miles from Helvoet. Here, after enormous contributions being levied upon us by the women who carried our luggage to the boat, we crossed by the ferry barge to a wretched island called Rosenburg, about two miles broad, and embarking again reached Maeslandsluys, where, after devouring all that they could set before us,

"Le régal fut petit et sans beaucoup d'apprêts,"

we agreed with a waterman to convey us to Delft in a schuyt.

It was about six o'clock. A lovely evening succeeded to the torrents of rain which had fallen, and our easy mode of travelling was delightful. These canal boats are established upon a regular *tarif* throughout all the United Provinces, and are drawn by horses at the rate of about three miles an hour. Each of them contains two apartments, the sternmost called *the roof*, in which the price of a place is somewhat more than in the other part. As far as the twilight would permit us to distinguish objects, the country around, though flat, seemed fertile and luxuriant, interspersed with villas, and small groves. We had travelled in this manner about six miles, when a carriage driving along the bank of the canal, overtook us near Delft; and we agreed with the man to convey us direct to Rotterdam. I regretted much that the lateness of the evening prevented our seeing more of Delft. In passing through the town, it appeared very beautiful and of considerable extent. About eleven o'clock we reached Rotterdam, and driving to the *Mareschal Turenne* found the house full,

but were directed to the Bath Hotel, an excellent house kept by the same people, and situated upon the *Boompjes*, on the banks of the *Maes*. Rotterdam is a fine well built town. The canals are very broad, and thickly planted on each side, giving a clean airy appearance to the streets through which they run; but owing to their similarity, and the numerous draw-bridges which intersect them, it is difficult to find one's way about. The exchange is a neat stone-fronted building, well situated upon the edge of the principal canal; and the place altogether wears an appearance of great bustle and commercial importance. The principal church is a large gloomy pile, crowded close with miserable houses, and contains an organ unfinished, and which will probably remain so; it was intended to rival that at Haarlem, but either for want of room or money it has been long in its present state, and only a few of the pipes can be made use of. The bells have been taken from most of the churches by order of Napoleon to recast for cannon; he has however left untouched the famous bronze

statue of Erasmus. The houses of the merchants are very magnificent, and prove the former opulence of this industrious people: that of the late French commissioner of police contains some tolerable paintings of the Dutch school. The detestable oppression of Buonaparte was here exercised, in throwing into the mad-house many devoted beings who were suspected of disaffection, where they were treated with the utmost cruelty; many of them were never heard of more.

After passing a few days very pleasantly at Rotterdam, we set out from thence for *the Hague*. This place being the residence of the court, contains all that is gay in Holland. We found the *Hotel de Belle-vue* pleasantly situated opposite the park. The novelty of the situation, which would not be remarked in any other country than Holland, renders it a pretty town, especially that part of it which looks upon the wood. Embosomed in this wood stands the palace called the *Chateau de Bois*, which, besides the beauty of its situation,

is little remarkable either for its exterior architecture, or internal decorations. Among the latter, however, are the painted saloon, and Chinese rooms, the former of which is certainly magnificent.

The Prince of Orange having just made his entry, the town was hung in every part with wreaths of flowers, and all was gaiety and joy; even this dull, torpid race seemed exhilarated. After obtaining our passports from Lord Clancarty, the British ambassador, we embarked in a schuyt for Leyden. The banks of the canal are prettily diversified with villas, but the dull uniformity of flat country every-where presents itself beyond; and the vile regularity and formality of Dutch gardening gives a sameness to each villa. Our stay at Leyden being limited to a few hours, we made the most of them in seeing the celebrated botanical garden, which, however, has little interest to any one except a botanist; in appearance it is much inferior to the one at Oxford. The old gardener, a Scotchman, took infinite pains to point out to us all that was

curious; yet, alas, his sage observations were thrown away. The building which constitutes the university is small; but the anatomy school appears well arranged, and very valuable. The picture gallery, belonging to the catholic priest, was well worth a much longer time being bestowed upon it: in it are many excellent paintings by the first masters of the Italian and Dutch schools, and though not so extensive as many, it is esteemed one of the most valuable collections in Holland: the chapel, which adjoins this gallery, is a new building, and prettily decorated, situated on the side of the square, which was formed by the entire destruction of a great part of the town a few years ago, occasioned by the explosion of a boat full of gunpowder, which was lying in one of the canals. The effects were tremendous, and such as probably the town will never again recover. In the evening we proceeded along the canal to Haarlem, where we were fortunate enough to meet with two of our fellow passengers, Mr. and Miss G——, whose society gave fresh spirits to our party.

Passing through the streets we observed many houses pulled down, and were told that the wretched distress of the inhabitants obliged them to take them to pieces, to sell the materials for bread!! Another curious collection of paintings was shewn us here, by an inhabitant of the place, who kindly undertook to be our conductor, after which we proceeded about a mile from the town to Mr. Hope's superb mansion, situated on the borders of a fine natural wood of considerable extent. The façade is noble, with a gentle paved slope on which you drive up to the grand entrance, which is raised very considerably above the level of the ground before the house, and looks down a broad vista cut through the wood. The interior is elegant and tasteful, but, with the exception of a few of the principal saloons, the apartments are small. This house was bought by the late King of Holland, who has left it in a very unfurnished state. Upon our return to the town we visited the gardens of the famous florists, for which this place is so celebrated. There is a singular custom

prevalent here, and indeed throughout all the provinces, of hanging out several pieces of lace pinned upon a cushion at the door of such houses as contain a *lady in the straw*, the quality and quantity of such pieces denoting the rank and sex of the new inhabitant. The museum is one of the finest I have ever seen, containing many well arranged specimens of precious stones, metals, &c. besides a very extensive collection of mathematical and philosophical instruments, with models of most of the principal engines used in the various manufactories of the country, and an electrifying machine of immense power. The top of this building affords an admirable view of the adjacent country. The greatest treat we reserved for the last, and now, after giving the organist due notice, we proceeded to hear the far-famed organ, the powers of which are truly astonishing, though it is capable also of producing the finest and most delicate tones imaginable. There are 60 entire stops with 5000 pipes, the largest of which is 38 feet high, and 18 inches in diameter. The organist appeared

a man of great musical genius, and amongst other pieces performed the overture to Lodoiska with admirable effect, introducing an imitation of thunder, which appeared to make the very foundations of the church tremble. After listening with rapturous delight to this extraordinary instrument for more than an hour, and until the poor organist was quite exhausted by the necessary exertions, we took our leave, regretting that probably it was the last time we should ever be so gratified.

After dinner we set out, still keeping our course along the canal in a schuyt, for Amsterdam, where we arrived at 10 o'clock in the evening, and took up our quarters at the Hotel called *Le Petit Doule*. The bustle and the crowded streets of this town put us in mind of our own metropolis. Here are collected the natives of every quarter of the globe. All sects of religion here find an asylum. The Jews, to the amount of about 30,000, inhabit one quarter of the town, which they have exclusively to themselves. The Portuguese syna-

gogue is very large; and it being their sabbath, we had an opportunity of seeing it to perfection. It appeared more like an assembly of merchants who met on business, than of men who relinquished the concerns of this world to provide for those of a better.

The Stadt-house or Palais Royal is very magnificent, both in its exterior architecture, and its interior decorations. The grand saloon is of immense dimensions, richly hung with crimson silk, and velvet, and lighted by a profusion of elegant chandeliers. The apartments are all upon a large scale, and very numerous. In the upper part is a collection of paintings, many of them modern, and containing nothing remarkable. In the evening we made a party to the French theatre, which, like most of those on the continent, is very indifferent, but the acting was tolerably good. The town being so crowded, and the streets in general narrow, and without canals, has not that airy and cleanly appearance which characterizes most of the

Dutch towns, and which is here much less striking than at Rotterdam. The day following our arrival being Sunday, some of our party visited Naarden, nine miles distant, to see the operations of the siege then carrying on by the Dutch troops; the rest went to the catholic chapel, the decorations of which are fine, and the music admirable. I felt much regret at leaving Amsterdam. On the morning of my departure, having delivered a letter to the Rev. Mr. Mackintosh, the Scotch minister there, I was invited by him to pass a few days in his house: however, our arrangements were all made to go to Utrecht that night,—and I was obliged to relinquish the pleasure which such a visit would undoubtedly have afforded me; yet shall ever remember his kind hospitality, as also that of my good friend, Mr. Gibson, of Rotterdam, to whom I owe the introduction. There are many interesting objects in this town, which I was thus obliged to leave; and dissatisfied with myself and with our mode of travelling, thus hurrying over the country as Englishmen are too apt to do, yet wanting

resolution to quit a pleasant party, I left Amsterdam in the afternoon, and passing through a prettier country than I had yet seen in Holland, we changed our conveyance at a beautiful little village, called *Leonen*, half way between Amsterdam and Utrecht, where we arrived late at night, having found the distance far greater than we expected. In this country their mode of reckoning distances is most barbarous, not by the mile or league, but by *the hour*, or as far as a man can walk in that time, a scale that seems to vary much in the different provinces. At Utrecht we found a very comfortable hotel, the *Antwerp Castle*. There is an admirable collection of paintings here belonging to one of the professors, among which I was struck with an excellent Titian of our Saviour crowned with thorns. The tower is a stupendous building detached from the church, and built in 1328. Its summit, 380 feet high, affords an extensive view of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Pyramid at Zeist, and for many miles in all directions over a flat but luxuriant country. Beneath is a fine peal of

bells, the largest weighing 25,000 lbs. Having a letter to *Professor Van Ordt*, one of the heads of the university, I hastened to deliver it, and found him a venerable old man of most pleasing manners, and entirely devoid of that pedantic stiffness which too often characterizes our resident fellows of colleges. He paid me the compliment of making me a student of the High School, and introduced me to *Mr. Mol*, also a student there, whose society was particularly acceptable to us. Through him we obtained much information, and permission to visit many places which are usually forbidden to strangers, among others the silk manufactory; the gardens belonging to the proprietor of which are magnificent, and adorned with some choice pieces of sculpture. The town altogether is clean and well built, and the ramparts afford an agreeable promenade around it, under an avenue of elms.

Leaving Utrecht, after a stay there of two days, our party strengthened by *Mr. Mol*, proceeded to Zeist, about six miles distant, where is the celebrated Mora-

vian* society, the head of which, *M. Van Laar*, is sole proprietor of all the adjacent country. He received us with great kindness and hospitality, being intimately acquainted with our Utrecht companion. Zeist is a rural little village, and the extensive range of buildings, occupied by the society, is kept in a state of the most precise neatness. Their burial ground is singular. The graves instead of being raised, are all united like flower beds, and neatly raked; with small white stones, bearing simply the initials of the deceased, arranged along the centre of the bed, thus giving it completely the appearance of a garden divided by well kept grass walks. From the top of *M. Van Laar's* house we had a fine view of the country we were about to pass through. After dinner we proceeded through a deep sandy road towards Arnheim. *Mr. Mol* accompanied us to a village called *Reysenburgh*, where there is an elegant catholic chapel, built by the road side, which he obtained us a view of, and then left us on his return to Utrecht.

* See Appendix, 1.

Our route now laid near to the pyramid which Buonaparte erected to commemorate his large encampments on the plains here, when setting out upon his disasterous expedition to Moscow. It has, at a distance, the appearance of an huge mass rising out of a large barren tract of heath; on one side of which there commences a low forest of beach, through which we travelled several leagues, the road still continuing a deep sand with some few elevations. We passed, on the right, a tolerably good looking uninhabited house, which we were informed belonged to Lord Rochford, and about eleven o'clock at night, arrived at *Arnheim*:—stopping at the post-house a few yards from the gates, we found wretched accommodations, but were told that there were no better to be met with within the town. Nothing indeed can be conceived more comfortless than the appearance of *Arnheim*, which is in a state of withering decay, and without any sign of life or animation. One would think that the plague had swept away one-half of the inhabitants, while the other

half were deprecating the vengeance of heaven by a solemn fast. Every thing appears gloomy and sad. The town is by no means small; and situated on the banks of the Rhine it may have been a place of considerable consequence, but the fortifications are now in ruins, and undefended by cannon. In the evening we walked out of the town towards *Nemigue*, where we saw the ineffectual obstructions which the French had thrown up to oppose the passage of the river, which is here crossed by a bridge of boats. The house in which we lodged had been the scene of much bloodshed a short time before, some French officers having been there murdered by the enraged populace. The walls and doors were every-where marked by the balls, and in many places were stained with blood.

We gladly quitted this melancholy place, and the next morning proceeded to *Nemigue* to breakfast, a distance of three leagues. As we drew near this place the country became interesting, but the road between the *Rhine* and the *Waal* is wretchedly

dreary. We crossed the water by the ferry, for the famous flying bridge was destroyed in the retreat of the French, and ascended the terrace above the town called *the Belvedere*, where stands, amongst many other remains of Roman architecture, an old tower in tolerable preservation, from which is afforded an extensive view into Germany, bounded on that side by hills, and on the other by the misty distance of a Dutch landscape: the morning was fine, after torrents of rain which had fallen during the night: below us, on the left, flowed the rapid *Waal*, a branch of the Rhine, and as far as the eye could reach we traced its windings through a country luxuriously verdant. *Cleves* was within our view, and *Grave* about nine miles distant, the cannonading at the siege of which we could distinctly see and hear. Leaving this delicious spot we visited the Stadt-house and Church, in neither of which however was there any thing worth seeing, and crossing the *Waal* again, hired a carriage to take us to *Bommel*, a long

stage of thirty-six miles at least, or, as they called it, twelve hours. We had four horses, and paid, I think, twenty-four *guilders*.

Our way laid along the dyke upon the right bank of the river, whose sinuosities we were obliged to follow; and the road was so narrow, that, except at certain places, we could not pass any thing which might meet us. The undefended banks on each side were rather alarming, however, after passing through *Thiel*, a small fortified town, where we dined, we reached *Thuil* in the evening, a poor scattered village, which borders the river opposite to *Bommel*, to which place, learning that there was nothing worth seeing there, we did not cross, but contented ourselves at the post-house, where, in the night we were amused by seeing some skirmishing between about sixty Cossacks, who had been committing depredations in the country, and a strong party of the *landstrum*, in which three of the former were killed,

and the rest sent off under an escort to Breda. This occasioned us some alarm, but we were not disturbed except by the rats, who absolutely took possession of our beds. The next morning we came fourteen miles to *Gorcum*, the country round which, for several miles, was completely destroyed in the late siege, the houses and villages burnt, and the dykes cut, which laid the whole country under water. Near *Gorcum*, on the opposite bank of the river, stands the commanding old fortress of *Loevestein*, where *Grotius* was confined in 1619. The storks, which are here esteemed a sacred bird, seem particularly partial to this part of the country; there is scarcely a house which has not one or more nests upon it, on which the bird sits perfectly tame, and allows you to approach it. In no part of Holland have I observed them so plentiful as upon this spot. *Gorcum* has suffered much during the siege: it is strongly fortified, but indifferently built. Even the houses which have been the least damaged by the fire of the assailants are miserably shattered, and

scarcely an entire pane of glass is left in the town. The hardships which the ill-fated inhabitants endured were dreadful. We obtained an excellent English beef-steak at the hotel called *the Doele*, which appears to have been an old house of some consequence; the room was hung round with some very well painted portraits of the Spanish generals who had formerly commanded there, and every thing bore the appearance of decayed splendour.

We kept our course along the dyke, leaving *Dort* on the opposite bank of the river, and reached Rotterdam again late in the evening. This last stage was mostly through extensive beds of willow, and the dyke was lined with huts, whose inhabitants were employed in making hoops, an immense supply of which comes from this place. On the following morning my fellow-travellers returned to England; and having letters to deliver to the British ambassador at the Hague, I took the opportunity of again visiting that town, where I remained several days; and once more

returning to Rotterdam, took my passage in a boat to *Dort*—a pleasant sail of two hours.

Dort is a large town intersected by canals, and formerly celebrated for its silver coinage, but now, owing to the total stagnation of every species of trade, its only traffic is in receiving the large rafts of timber which come down the Rhine, and which the numerous sawing mills in the vicinity are employed in converting. The *Belle-vue* is an excellent hotel, well situated upon the edge of the river, and the landlord an amusing and very communicative fellow in his way. Here I passed a day, and then hiring a boat, proceeded towards *Williamstadt*. Passing down the river, we entered the *Bies-bos*, an immense tract of country destroyed by an inundation about a century ago, and now a vast expanse of water, broken here and there by the remains of the higher grounds peeping above its surface: many villages were here swept away, and many unfortunate victims suffered. After a passage, rendered

tedious by the obstinacy of my watermen, who, because there was a little breeze, were afraid to hoist the sail lest there should be more, I reached my destination, which is a very strong fortification surrounding a collection of miserable houses, with suitable inhabitants. With infinite trouble I found a place to sleep in. The only gratifying spectacle, which I witnessed in this poverty-stricken little town, was that of all our poor fellows who were wounded at *Bergen-op-Zoom*, contented, and doing well under the judicious care of *Dr. Edwards*, the English surgeon there, whom they looked upon as a kind and attentive father.

The next morning I was glad to escape from my vile hovel, and passing through *Rosendaal*, reached *Antwerp*, after experiencing infinite trouble in clearing the different out-posts; for the negotiations were then pending, respecting the surrender of the town to the English, and the regulations of the siege were not taken off. I was struck with wonder and admiration at the

stupendous fortifications through which we passed, ditch after ditch, rampart succeeding rampart, and mounds of earth surmounted by pallisadoes, defended the approach to the walls in every direction, upon which were six hundred pieces of cannon mounted in various parts.

Passing along a fine open street, called the *Place de Mer*, we stopped at *Le Grand Laboureur*, and, I believe, were almost the first Englishmen who had entered, for the populace would not allow us to retain the white cockade which we wore, nor even the orange one which accompanied it; not seeming quite reconciled to the new system of things, although delighted at the idea of once more obtaining a free intercourse with the English. The basins here are magnificent, and fully competent to hold forty sail of the line. The arsenal and all the public works are upon a grand scale, and great improvements were going on by order of Napoleon, whose public works in this, and in every part of the extensive country which he governed, were

certainly magnificently designed, and well executed. The tower of the cathedral is a beautiful light piece of Gothic architecture, of a stupendous height. It was intended that another equal to it should have been built by its side, but for some reason it was discontinued when raised to about a quarter of its height, and, in fact, leaves the other a much finer object than it would otherwise have been, had the project been completed. The French took all the paintings out of the church, except a few inferior ones, destroyed the monuments, and actually put the embellishments up for public sale. In the *Place de Mer* we were shewn a choice collection of paintings belonging to a private individual, which required more time to inspect than we could then spare. We went in the evening to the theatre, which is small and dirty, but the music and actors were very tolerable. Near it a society is forming with gardens, music-room, &c. to which strangers are readily admitted.

The neighbourhood of Antwerp was laid

waste, and the villages around destroyed; but the ride to *Mecklin* was prettily diversified, and a fine moonlight night afforded us a view of the noble tower of that town, which was discernible a considerable distance before us down an avenue of trees. The first view of the *Place Royale*, with the adjacent park, its commanding situation, and the regularity of building, which prevails throughout Brussels, gives it a striking superiority over all the towns in Holland. The country around is beautiful, and among the numerous chateaus in the neighbourhood is that of the *Archduke de Brabant*, lately one of Napoleon's imperial palaces, which commands a fine view of the town and its environs. A gentleman of the name of *Burtin*, an amateur, who lately published a work on the art of painting, kindly shewed me his very extensive gallery of pictures, among which are some fine specimens by Rubens, Vandyke, and Albert Durer. Altogether it is one of the finest private collections I have ever seen. The palace contains little worthy of notice: there are in it a few modern paintings of merit; but the

museum is poorly furnished. The range of public buildings on one side of the park is remarkably fine: the park itself is small, but contains some good pieces of sculpture, and is the gay promenade of this elegant town.

Hearing that if I started immediately I should be in time to see the entrance of the King into Paris, I hastily bade adieu to *Brussels*, and passing rapidly through Mons in the night, breakfasted at Valenciennes, a wretched dirty place, much inferior to what I had expected. The fortifications appeared falling into decay, and the inhabitants sinking into poverty.

From Valenciennes I proceeded to Cambray, near which, on the road to Peronne, I passed a large abbey about a mile on the left, the name of which my unintelligent guide could not tell me. I reached Peronne in the evening, and travelling again all night, in the morning passed through Pont St. Maxence, (remarkable for a beautiful stone bridge over the Oise,

but which was now broken down to defend the road) and arrived at Paris about four o'clock, coming thirty-seven posts in thirty-four hours, which in France is considered excellent travelling.

CHAP. II.

PARIS.

A THOUSAND interesting associations crowded into my mind on entering this celebrated city, famed for its revolutionary murders, and its despotism, for the late expulsion of a tyrant, at whose name "the world grew pale," and for the blood which had so recently flowed in his cause, and which was still warm upon the plains around. This is one of the worst approaches to Paris. The suburbs on the north side are ill built, and dirty, and somewhat resemble the entrance into London by the Whitechapel road.

On entering Paris, the first impression produced on my mind was that of comfortless misery and inextricable confusion. Horses, carriages, and carts—men, women, and children—Turks, Christians, Jews,

Russians, Austrians, Prussians, and Cossacks*, were all mingled in a chaotic mass, without comfort, without regularity—dirty, ill-dressed, fatigued, hot, and hurried. Extricating myself as quickly as possible from this scene of confusion, I drove to the hotel to which I was recommended. It was full, and accident took me into an indifferent one, where the marble slabs, silk furniture, gilt tables and mirrors, but ill accorded with the filthy brick floors, and other uncomfortable appearances. Such unfavorable ideas had I of Paris at first sight, that nothing could have reconciled me to the thought of staying a month there, but the delightful anticipation of viewing new scenes, contemplating new characters, and forming my own opinions upon matters which hitherto I knew only by report. At this time it was full of interest. The entrance of a Sovereign, so long a stranger to his native land; the presence of the three illustrious monarchs who had achieved the

* See Appendix, 2.

deliverance of Europe; the late presence of a despot—all conspired to confuse the imagination. At every step the most interesting reflections were excited by the objects which presented themselves. Magnificent edifices begun by Napoleon and left unfinished "naked subjects to the weeping winds," monuments of a glory past! Churches celebrated for revolutionary fury, and bridges for sanguinary murders. On all sides may be traced the hideous features of despotism. The dissipation, the shews and *spectacles* in which the people take so much delight, are but futile efforts to forget their degradation: every-where is there an appearance of gilded slavery—dancing gaiety—and splendid melancholy.

After brushing off the dust of the journey, I contented myself the first evening with taking a ramble in that epitome of the metropolis, the *Palais Royale*, and from thence through the delightful gardens of the *Thuilleries* back to my hotel, where I amply made up for the lack of two nights'

rest. The next morning I set out in search of a lodging, and at length found one which suited me, in the *Petite rue verte, Fauxbourg St. Honoré*, which I engaged at thirty francs per month. My room afforded a good specimen of splendid filth :—beautiful yellow silk curtains and a dirty bed ; a fine marble chimney-piece, adorned with a dial supported by golden cupids above an hearth containing the accumulations of a winter's wooden ashes, never cleaned, and never likely to be so—elegant satin sofas and a greasy brick floor.

The first object of attention is undoubtedly the noble square of the Thuilleries, and the gallery of 1600 feet long, which forms one side of it, and joins it to the Louvre. The upper part is open from one end to the other, and contains the most splendid and valuable collection of paintings in the world. In the lower part are the statues, among which the most conspicuous are the Laocoon *, Apollo Belvi-

* See Appendix, 3.

dere*, Venus de Medicis†, and Dying Gladiator‡. Of the paintings, the famous Transfiguration—and the Descent from the Cross by Rubens—which was brought from the cathedral at Antwerp, merit the first attention; but to appreciate the value of each specimen of art contained in this gallery would occupy months. The colonnade of the Louvre is justly celebrated, and Buonaparte had in contemplation a grand scheme to join the Louvre to the Thuilleries on the north side also, thereby completing this magnificent square. Nearly a third part is already raised, and many of the enclosed houses are taken away. The arch built in this square, opposite to the great gate of the Thuilleries, is superb beyond description. It was raised by the Emperor to commemorate his victories. Eight columns of red Languedoc marble adorn the two principal façades, of which the bases and capitals are bronze; they each bear a statue, and are again surmounted by a basement,

* See Appendix, 4. † See Appendix, 5.

‡ See Appendix, 6.

upon which is placed a triumphal car; to it are attached the four famous Corinthian horses taken from Venice, conducted by *Victory* and *Peace*, figures in *plomb d'or*. The building itself is fifty feet high: over the centre arch there is a bas-relief figure of the Emperor in his robes, crowned by *Victory*, and above each of the smaller arches is another bas-relief commemorating one of his famous actions in the campaign of 1805.

Another monument, sufficient in itself to perpetuate the memory of this extraordinary man, is a pillar of bronze, cast entirely out of the cannon taken at the battle of Austerlitz. It is 133 feet in height, and 12 in diameter, placed upon a square pedestal 30 feet from the ground. The shaft of this pillar is entirely covered with a spiral succession of bas-reliefs, commemorating, in chronological order, the events of the campaign of 1805; commencing with the departure of the army from the camp at Boulogne, and terminating with the battle of Austerlitz. On the top is a gallery,

commanding a fine view over Paris, again surmounted by a cupola, on which stood a colossal statue of Napoleon, but which has now been removed, and one of *Peace* is to be substituted. This noble column stands a fine object in the open square of the *Place Vendome*.

Opposite to the *Place de la Concorde* (the memorable spot between the garden of the Thuilleries and the *Champs Elysees*, where the unfortunate Louis was beheaded), and on the other side of the bridge, stands one of the most elegant buildings in Paris, the palace of the legislative body *(ci-devant Bourbon)*. It was built in 1722, for the Princess de Condé. The front next the Seine is a Corinthian peristyle, composed of twelve isolated pillars, surmounted by a triangular fronton, to which the ascent is by a magnificent flight of steps, having on each side statues of Sully and Colbert, Hô-pital and Aguesseau, and at the foot of the steps are statues of Minerva and France. The *salle de séances*, in the interior, is superbly decorated. Behind the chair of the

president stood a statue of the Emperor. which is now removed, and in niches on each side remain those of Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. The antichambers, and other state apartments, contain many good paintings, of which one of the most remarkable is the *Death of Leander*, by *Taillasson*; and a modern picture, representing Napoleon at the battle of *Lutzen**, taking off his hat to the wounded as they pass before him on their litters. He is drawn upon a grey charger, in a very spirited style, and it is said to be one of the best likenesses of him. There is also a good painting of the Empress Maria Louisa.

The royal manufactory of tapestry established in 1450, and called the *Gobelins*, is worthy of attention; in particular a finished piece representing Buonaparte visiting the soldiers infected with the plague in Egypt: a fine design, and admirably executed.

* See Appendix, 7.

I descended the celebrated catacombs on the road to *Orleans*, from 80 to 100 feet deep, and winding in broken galleries and rugged passages for the space of three leagues under this quarter of the town.

> " Hic specus horrendum et sævi spiracula Ditis
> " Monstratur."

Here the thermometer of Fahrenheit stands at 53° all the year round. A small portion of these subterraneous caverns has been made use of, of late years, as a receptacle for the bones which have been removed from the various cemeteries in the neighbourhood, and the remains of two million, eight hundred thousand bodies, are here ranged in regular order against the walls of the cavern, in rows of alternate bones and skulls. Many are also piled into the form of altars, at which, on particular days, service is performed and mass sung; and a tablet is placed in the centre of each of the collections, bearing some memorial of the place from whence they were taken. On entering the portal of the cavern set

apart for this melancholy purpose, the first thing you encounter over an altar of skulls is this inscription; on one side,

"Vaines-grandeurs, silence, eternite:"

on the other,

"Néant, silence etres mortels."

Over the door is engraved

"Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem expectantes."

The bones being ranged in regular order against the walls, in some places they form little cells and chapels, over one of which is written,

"Hic in somno pacis requiescunt majores,"

and

"Qui dormiunt in terræ pulvere evigilabunt, alii in vitam æternam, et alii in opprobrium."

I could gain no information respecting the origin of these excavations. They are evidently artificial, probably a Roman work. The cemetery is nearly in the centre, to

gain which we wound through almost inextricable passages, cut in a solid bed of stone for at least a mile, where a person unaccustomed to the place would infallibly lose himself; for the torches cast but a faint light through the passages which branch out in every direction: and even the guides, accustomed to traverse them continually, are obliged to leave a black mark with the smoke of their torches, that they may know where to retrace their steps. In some places water issues from the stone, and forms rills; and every-where it is well ventilated and airy. Descending still deeper into the earth there is a collection of preternatural bones, and a museum of the numerous minerals which compose the various strata above.

The *Hospital of Invalids* is a noble institution. The gilt dome of the church is conspicuous throughout all the environs of Paris, and the interior is equally splendid. It contains a monument of *Turenne*, of fine workmanship: in one of the four chapels which surround the dome, two of Buona-

parte's favourite generals, *Marshals Duroc and Bessieres*, were lying in state. The church of St. Sulpice is esteemed one of the most beautiful in Paris. The exterior of the Corinthian order is very fine: but the chapel of the Virgin, behind the grand altar, occupied all my attention. In a recess behind some pillars of Languedoc marble, which are above the altar of this little chapel, there is a figure of the Virgin in a body of clouds, which curl around the pillars, and flying before her discover her in the midst. This, executed in white marble with all the soft lightness of floating drapery and fleecy vapours, has a most striking effect, and the light is admitted in such a manner from above, that one knows not from whence it comes. Several pillars support the roof of this chapel, which is a dome borne upon a circular cornice projecting several feet, and painted by Le Moine to represent the opened Heavens, with the Almighty and all the Heavenly Host; and which being of much larger dimensions than the cornice, the eye has no fixed point by which to judge of the distance of the plane

of the picture, producing thereby a deception of the same nature as a panorama. There are numerous chapels opening into this Church, in one of which is an admirable modern painting of the Assumption.

The *Hall of the Senate* in the Luxembourg palace was magnificently decorated; but it has since suffered much, in consequence of all the memorials of the late Emperor having been defaced or taken away. All the pictures and statues which in any way commemorate him or his actions are now removed; among the rest his throne, the canopy of which however remains; it is a rich gilt dome, supported by three groupes of Egyptian figures, and festooned with crimson velvet and gold drapery. The orators, who are all placed in semicircular rows in the front of the throne, do not speak from their seats, but ascend an elevated rostrum opposite to the president. This hall is also adorned by many statues of Roman and Grecian orators. The ascent to it is by an elegant marble staircase, which has been fitted up

by Buonaparte with the statues of his favorite generals, among which is a very spirited one of *Dessaix*, on the left hand on entering the saloon. On the other side of this palace is a gallery of pictures by Rubens, mostly allegorical, of which *Catherine de Medicis* is the subject. There is also an admirable Holy Family by Raphael, and a picture of Titian's, in which Jupiter is represented as descending in a shower of gold to the embraces of Danae; an exquisite painting. In the three last rooms are numerous works by Vernet, views of the different ports of France, and the centre room contains illustrations of old popish legends. A most elegant group in marble, adorns the hall which leads to this gallery, representing Cupid and Psyche, where she finds him asleep. Holding the lamp to his eyes, she recognises him, but a drop of oil falling upon his shoulder, he wakes and disappears. A little further on is a fine piece of sculpture—a Nymph bathing, with one foot just touching the water. The modest and alarmed expression of this figure, fearful of interruption, is admirably

conceived, and comes nearest to the Venus de Medicis of any thing I have seen.

The Pantheon (formerly the church of *St. Genevieve)* is a magnificent edifice. Except the collonade of the Louvre it is undoubtedly the finest piece of architecture in Paris. It was begun about the time of the revolution and is still in an unfinished state, yet justly celebrated as containing the ashes of Voltaire, Mirabeau, and Rousseau, who, whether their memories be honored or abhorred by posterity, will certainly never be forgotten. Their tombs are sadly mutilated, for the French in their ebullitions of political fury spared not even the sacred monuments of art. The statue of Voltaire, erected at the extremity of the vault, where are deposited his remains, deserves praise; but one of the finest poetical ideas ever executed by the hand of the sculptor, is the harp resting on a globe at the top of the tomb, indicating the universality of his genius. It was Napoleon's intention to have finished this building, and to have made it a re-

ceptacle for the ashes of his distinguished officers.

The interior of the church of *Notre Dame* is by no means so striking as the exterior, and moreover is kept in so vile a state of uncleanliness, that it is absolutely disgusting. This is too much the case with most of the churches in France. The interior roof is supported by one hundred and twenty pillars, which are remarkable only for their number, and not so either for their beauty or workmanship.

The gardens of the Thuilleries, though not large, and all laid out in the formal style of continental gardening, are nevertheless very beautiful. The western front of the palace forms one end: the two sides are enclosed by lofty terraces, and the other end opens upon the *Place de la Concorde*. The view from the centre gate of the palace extends through the *Champs Elysées*, up a gentle slope, upon the top of which Napoleon was erecting a triumphal arch, about two miles distant. These gardens are adorned by numerous

statues, groups, vases, and fountains: and an extensive orangery. On each side of the garden is a thick grove of chestnut trees, which constitute the chief promenade at this end of the town. The *Champs Elysées* reach from them to a considerable distance up the hill, on each side of the extended avenue of the Thuilleries, forming a delightful shade of oak and elm, beneath which are numerous *estaminets* and *restaurateurs*; and on a Sunday evening the whole place is crowded with the different games and sports which in this dissipated metropolis always form the chief part of this day's amusement.

The *Jardin des Plantes* is an object of great attention to all visitors of Paris, especially to botanists. It is of vast extent, and besides its various lawns and wildernesses contains a very valuable and extensive collection of exotics. Small enclosures, prettily wooded and neatly laid out, are inhabited by every species of domesticated animals, which have thus the appearance of being in their natural wild state. A remarkably large elephant has a park and

house entirely to himself: the latter a new building, containing a bath and every requisite for its huge inhabitant. Here are bears, tigers, lions, camels, and, in short, every animal usually found in such collections. The museum of comparative anatomy, which is well stored with specimens, is situated on one side of the garden, and the other side is occupied by a museum of natural history, the first perhaps in the world. Near these gardens is the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, a beautiful iron bridge over the Seine, finished by Napoleon in 1806.

My plan upon my arrival was to take a cursory view of every thing, and then at leisure to select such objects as were the most interesting, and to inspect them more closely. The execution of this system could not fail of taking me often to the Louvre, where I generally passed an hour every morning. In the lower gallery, among the statues, that of the Venus de Medicis undoubtedly claims our homage first. It is difficult to fix the attention upon any thing before you have contemplated this unrivalled specimen of ancient sculpture, and after

seeing it, to admire any thing else is scarcely possible. Placed in an adjoining room, opposite to the Apollo Belvidere, and surrounded by all that is most exquisite in painting and sculpture, yet every thing seems flat and insipid around it. The best method would be to begin by investigating the principal part of the gallery, rising from one degree of perfection to another, till every feeling of the imagination was gratified at the foot of this heavenly tribune. No cast, however perfect, can give an adequate idea of so exquisite a statue. There is something inconceivably delicate in the finely turned limbs of this Venus, which can only be found among the first rate works of the ancients. No striking or violent expression in the face, but it possesses a physiognomy so sweet, so intelligent, a countenance so truly "the mirror of the celestial mind," that although at the first glance it appears mere corporeal beauty, yet when accurately contemplated it seems animated with the intellects of a superior being.

The hill which commands the whole town

of Paris, *Montmartre*, is in the suburbs, and afforded a position which might have been defended against a very superior army, but Buonaparte had so completely blinded the *good people of Paris*, that when the allied forces were on the plains below this hill, they conceived them many leagues distant, and being told by the public journals that the Russians, under the brave Blucher, were entirely destroyed, they imagined them to be but a few straggling Cossacks, and actually went out to drive them away. What must have been their astonishment and consternation, when, ascending Montmartre, they beheld nearly 300,000 men covering the plains around! Their impetuosity, however, was not to be restrained, and many thousand lives were lost on the night previous to the capitulation, had it not been for which the whole city would probably have been destroyed on the following day.

Throughout France at present, as might be expected, there is a feeling of mortified vanity in the people, and a melancholy ir-

ritability in the soldiers, whenever the campaign is mentioned. Their pride has been deeply wounded, nor will they rest till they can by some means regain their own estimation. But their unconquerable vanity, which has already sapped every moral principle, will always be their ruling foible. At the first impulse they felt gratitude to Marmont, and blessed Alexander for sparing their city. Now the danger is over, they say Marmont is a traitor, and the Russians cowards. Many people wish that they had been made to suffer more acutely the miseries of war: but, perhaps, it is better that they have been spared, as their vain ingratitude, and unprincipled restlessness, will thereby become more apparent to the rest of the world. Before the lapse of a century, the other nations of Europe will possibly be obliged to crush them more effectually, to ensure their own existence. All that martial politeness in the soldier, of which we have heard and read so much, no longer exists. Twenty years of rapine and murder, of tyranny and despotism, have given them a look of

disciplined lawlessness and pallid depravity that makes one shudder. Who can read *Lacretelle's* History of the French Revolution, and not feel the utmost antipathy and disgust at every Parisian he meets above the age of forty? for all such were quiet spectators, if not active perpetrators, of the bloody scenes there described *.

The women in the middle ranks of life are active and industrious wives and tender mothers. The manners of those in polished society are playful, sprightly, enchanting; but in beauty of feature and dignity of form, in fidelity of heart and unaffected simplicity, in useful knowledge and modesty of demeanor, our country-women far, very far, surpass them. Music they certainly excel in, yet I cannot allow that this boast is altogether correct:—

" Hispanus flet, dolet Italus, Germanus boat,
" Flander ululat, solus Gallus cantat."

* See Appendix, 8.

I confess I left Paris with ideas not very favourable, either of the city, or its inhabitants, *take them as a people;* though the hospitable roof of the Count de St^{e}. Aulaire I shall ever remember with gratitude.

CHAP. III.

I TOOK a conveyance direct to *Geneva*, in one of those carriages which are always upon the road between that place and Paris, for which I paid *six Napoleons*, including the living for nine days, the time in which two poor horses were destined to drag us there. Before I had reached the barriers I cursed my ill stars for throwing me in the way of such a vile machine, with a couple of horses who had travelled the road probably once a month for the last twenty years, and a lethargic driver, who, knowing the woeful plight of his cattle, and that they had to perform a journey of near four hundred miles, dared not put them off a walk. We travelled scarcely fifteen miles the first day, and slept at a miserable hut by the road-side, where the bed seemed stuffed with potatoes rather than feathers, to say nothing

of its numerous inhabitants, who "mur-"dered sleep." In the morning I desired to be called at three o'clock, and with a few clothes in my knapsack, my travelling case at my back, and my gun, I walked off leaving the rest of my baggage to follow in the *voiture*. Here the country began to wear a different aspect: the vineyards close down to the river, the waving crops of corn, and the hay-harvest just beginning to shed its perfume around, gave it an appearance of cultivation hardly to be expected so soon after the devastations committed by two plundering armies. By the assistance of a good map, I found my way across the country to *Montereau*, a small town on the Seine, over which I was ferried, (for the bridges were destroyed by the French army in its retreat upon Paris) and late in the evening reached *Ville-neuve-la-Guiard*, where I found my creeping conveyance, which had halted there for the night. The next morning, still keeping in advance, I passed through a rich fertile valley to *Sens*, where I breakfasted. This wretched little town has a cathedral, which,

before it was made use of by the Cossacks as a stable, was elegantly embellished. The grand altar, a gilt dome supported by four marble pillars, has a good effect; and the chapel behind it, dedicated to the tutelar saint, possesses also an altar-piece of considerable merit, a bas-relief in white marble. The town has suffered dreadfully; the inhabitants having been plundered by three different armies, were left quite destitute, and literally starving. From this scene of wretchedness I followed the verdant banks of the *Yonne*, having on either side of me a range of hills covered with vineyards, as far as *Joigny*, a small town situated upon the banks of the river, which I crossed by a handsome stone bridge of seven arches. Above is an impending mountain, from whence comes the wine called *Boane*. The vineyards through which I passed in this day's walk were filled with women and children putting down the stakes. The scarcity of men, they told me, had increased the rate of wages to 30 *sous* a day, 15d. English. The vines looked well and thriving, and did not appear to have been much injured by

the ravages that had been committed. Indeed nothing can give a better idea of this luxurious province than the country I walked over to-day. The summits of the hills were for the most part crowned with woods of the deepest foliage, and the sides clothed with vines reached down into the vallies loaded with rich crops of corn, and watered by numerous streams.

The next morning I arrived at *Auxerre* to breakfast, still keeping along the range of hills which bounded the valley of the river *Yonne*. The town is small but beautifully situated on the side of a steep hill, extending down to the river, over which there is a neat stone bridge. The cathedral of Auxerre, an old gothic building in excellent preservation, is adorned with a great quantity of painted glass. From this place the hills gradually rise into mountains, and I crossed several very considerable ones in my way through the country to *Vermanton*, a pretty romantic little village, situated in a narrow defile between lofty rocks and mountains, covered with vineyards and woods. In the

evening I reached *Maison-Neuve*, where my creeping vehicle overtook me again.

The next morning, rising at five o'clock, and ascending some high hills, I breakfasted at *Somberne*, and after visiting the ponderous ruins of its old chateau, crossed the valley to *Pont-de-Pany*. A new canal has been here cut at the foot of a range of mountains which bound the valley on the eastern side, and extending as far as the eye can reach, are covered with a low forest, through the dark tufted foliage of which, are here and there seen the grey rocks rearing their barren points, or the ruined turret of some old chateau covered with moss and ivy. A deep dingle runs up into the mountains just above the bridge, near which is the rural mansion of the *Curé*, the appearance of whose lovely daughter added not a little to the interest of the scene.

Poor girl! her lover had lately fallen in battle, and she was under the deepest affliction. Pale and comfortless, thoughtful and dejected, with the sweet simplicity and confidence of perfect innocence, and with the

artlessness of a girl of sixteen, she told her pitiful tale, and shewed me a lock of his hair.

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
"And hope is brightest when it dawns through fears,
"The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
"And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears."

After tea the old gentleman took his hat, said he was going to visit some of his sick parishioners, and desired his daughter to shew me the ruins of the Chateau de —, situated up in the woods above the cottage at some distance, and which I had expressed a desire to see. My little conductress with light step led the way up the rocky steep,

"E'en the light hare-bell rear'd its head
"Elastic from her airy tread."——

while she amused me with a romantic tale of the castle to which we were approaching: the unfortunate loves of whose heroine made her almost forget her own.

Descending again through the woods the broad chestnut spread itself across our narrow rough path. The sun was set, and

tinged the highest summits of the rocks with a rose-carnation, while twilight shrouded the vallies below. Presently the dew arose, and aided by the light of the moon, formed silver spangles upon the grass and mountain flowers.

I have often observed, that at the approach of night, travellers are apt to fall into a reverie, and serious train of thought, which suspends all conversation; whether it is occasioned by the impression of sadness which the decline of day makes upon the soul, or that, less distracted in these tranquil moments by exterior objects, it experiences an exquisite pleasure in retiring within itself, abandoning itself to its own ideas, cherishing its own illusions.

Wrapped in our own thoughts, we were on a sudden awakened by the voices of three young girls, surrounded by a group of figures, who sung a beautiful air, accompanying it with a guitar. This delightful little concert, at the fall of night, in the romantic solitude and silence of nature, caus-

ed an emotion more vivid, more touching, than could be produced by the most exquisite notes of a Catalani. We listened:— the music ceased, and recommenced in another measure. Approaching these mountain cyrens they received us with cordiality, and at our request repeated the song. Every fine summer's evening, as my conductress told me, the same innocent amusement occupies these happy cottagers till they retire for the night to their cabins. I felt more pain than I will tell you in quitting this amiable girl;—probably I have seen her for the last time, and that is always an ugly thought. However, the next morning taking leave of my poor afflicted *little* friend, I reached *Dijon* to breakfast. The road wound among the rocks, which in some places hung over it to a great height, and from which issued numberless streams of the purest water. In one spot was a small chapel hewn out of the mossy bed of stone and planted thick with chestnut trees, the former residence of a hermit The canal with its numerous locks was beside me all the way: this canal is intended to join the

Seine and the Soane. The altar-piece in the church of *Notre Dame* at Dijon is a fine piece of sculpture, representing the Assumption; and in it there are also some good paintings. The town appears well built and airy; but my carriage having the start of me I was obliged to hasten on, and passing over an extensive plain overtook it again at *Auxonne* late in the evening. This is a strongly fortified town, having resisted successfully the late siege by the Austrians; but in point of building it is small, poor and dirty. The situation is picturesque; between a forest and the immense range of the Jura Mountains which bordering upon Switzerland, bound the distant prospect of the east. The Soane flows beneath the walls on the western side of the town, the bridge over which was destroyed during the siege. In this part of the province the costume of the lower classes much resembles that in Holland, and the women wear the same broad round hats, certainly with more propriety than in that country, for here the sun has

great power, and is very injurious to them whilst working in the vineyards.

Leaving Auxonne at five, I breakfasted at *Dole*, the frontier town in *Franche Compté*,—a poor place, which appeared to have been once fortified, but now in decay. I passed through a country highly cultivated, and covered with luxuriant crops of wheat, and slept at *Poligny*, a pretty little town situated at the entrance of a deep pass between two rocks. Every thing here begins to wear the Swiss character; forests of pine blacken the distant mountains, foaming cataracts descend from the rocks, and impending precipices seem ready to crush the peaceful inhabitants beneath; the neatness of whose houses, and the peculiar cleanliness of whose dress, is well contrasted with the splendid filth of the country I was leaving. The town was full of Austrian cavalry on their way home, and not a bed could be obtained,—so I was ready to start at an early hour in the morning, and reached *Champagniol*

to breakfast: a pretty little village at the foot of a rock, from whence issues a large stream, whose troubled waters form a succession of cascades watering the fertile vallies in its course.

Being now in the Jura mountains, the ascent was continual; and after dining at the little town of *St. Laurent*, I stopped for the night at *Morez*, a small scattered village, situated in a stupendous dingle scarcely 200 yards across. Nothing can be more striking than this entrance into Switzerland. Nature presents in these vallies surrounded by lowering rocks, a picture of profound solitude which awes the soul.

" Dieu! quel pompeux spectacle étalé devant moi!
" Sous mes yeux enchantés la nature rassemble
" Tout ce qu'elle a d'honneur et de beautés ensemble."

The cascades, the thundering torrents, the chasms and gorges in the mountains covered with luxuriant meadows and pine forests, were all crowned with a diadem

of ice. A cataract descended close to the village where its waters were employed in the numerous manufactories of the iron, which is brought from the mines of *Besanzon*. As I was attentively gazing at it, the trunk of a huge pine came down, brought by the roaring floods from the inaccessible forests above, a kind of tribute which this torrent often pays to the inhabitants of the valley.

The next morning I left the *voiture* to follow, and taking a guide began to ascend the mountains. The sun shone bright, and the scenery was exquisitely sublime; but a picture more touching than all that surrounded me, was that of a young girl carrying in her arms an aged paralytic old man; she came from a small cabin situated at the extremity of the village, and gently placed her precious burthen upon the trunk of a tree, put a small stool under his feet, and seating herself beside him began to read. From above I saw this affecting scene; the path led near to them, and at our approach she shut her book and arose.

I expressed to her my admiration at the act of filial affection of which I had been the witness. She answered that it was her father, who had been in that pitiable state for two years, and that she was left alone to support him. I was surprised that she had the strength to carry him: "the burthen of a father," said she, "is always light. I think that since his illness, Providence has rendered me more strong." The old man, although blind and powerless, possessed an air of contentment and serenity which announced the amiableness of his character and the calmness of his soul. I opened the book which his daughter had been reading to him; it was *Les Idylles* of *Gesner* in the original: "you read German then," said I. "Yes," answered the beautiful Louisa, "since my father has returned from service he has taught it me." I asked where her father had served. "In the troops of the emperor," said the old soldier; "it was there that I lost the use of my limbs; I fear I shall now lose my pension, but Providence

has not abandoned me; see my Louisa," added he with transport.*

The conversation of this mountain Nestor made me forget the lapse of time, and when I took leave of him I found myself far behind my conveyance.

As we gained the heights, the clouds covered us with a falling mist, entirely obscuring the vallies below.

My guide having now put me in the direct route was returned, the sleet began to fall faster, and I found myself in a chaos of barren rocks, where immobility and silence seemed to announce the profound sleep of nature. For protection from the weather, I crept under the point of a rock which formed a little cavern: instead of clearing, the sky became more overcast, presently the cataracts opened, and poured down torrents of water, the wind

* See Appendix, 9.

groaned through the craggy precipices, and the thunder rolled beneath echoed among the mountains. However I was sheltered amid this tumult to which nature seemed awakened, and took from my case, *Rousseau's Nouvelle Heloise;* the descriptions were beautiful, the occupations, the comforts, the happiness of an Alpine berger delighted me, and I thought of nothing but cabins, solitude, and a rural life.* I almost forgot where I was, and that a bright sun sparkled upon the new fallen snow.

Hastening along, I could yet perceive no village; the road was through a pine forest, whose deep shades were soon confounded in the deeper ones of night. I heard, the barking of the wolves, and mounted a rock to gain a more extensive view around me. A light appeared not far distant, which was my northern star, and I soon reached a cabin occupied by a peasant, who shared his supper and clean

See Appendix, 10.

straw with me. This man was gay and happy, though inhabiting this solitary hut by himself; he was continually singing, and said that to complete his happiness he only wanted a wife with whom he might laugh and sing. "But if your wife is ill tempered?"—"I shall leave her and sing alone," said he.

When my good host went out at day-break to tend his cows, I set forward on my route and soon overtook my voiture, which, though despised, I was not sorry to see again. I had not been in it long when I saw my two English friends whom I had met at Dijon, who kindly took me into their carriage.

The road now began to descend from these lofty mountains to the vast plain in which is situated the Lake of Geneva, and passing under an arch cut through the solid rock, the whole extent of this immense expanse, of water lay beneath our feet, backed by mountains and glaciers,

with Mont Blanc reigning monarch of all around.

Although apparently so near to Geneva, we had to descend these mountains, and traverse the plain for the space of fifteen miles. The climate began to change, for on these heights we were surrounded by ice and snow: the country before us was in the highest state of cultivation, and the roads excellent, though in some places there was a precipice on our right of five or six hundred feet, totally unguarded, and as much rising perpendicularly above us on the left.

We changed horses at *Gex*, and proceeded to *Ferney*, the celebrated seat of Voltaire, which is situated on the road to Geneva and but a short distance from it.

The *Chateau de Ferney* is simple, without ornament, not large, but convenient. We visited his chamber with an awe which we should not have felt before the

tripod of Delphi. This verse was engraved over the door.

"Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici."

The cenotaph, which contains the heart of this extraordinary man, is in his chamber, but sadly unworthy of its sacred purpose. It is made with white square tiles; above is his bust, and below this inscription:

"Mes manes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est
"au milieu de vous."

The chamber is adorned with engravings of the *Abbé Delille*, *Thomas*, *D'Alembert*, *Fenelon*, *Racine*, *Corneille*, *Newton*, the *King of Prussia*, and the celebrated *Marquise du Châtelet*. She is painted in her library, with a sweet and beautiful expression of countenance, in a blue robe; holding in her right hand a pair of compasses, in her left, a bunch of carnations, and with her books and globes at her feet. This favourite of Voltaire died

at the age of forty-three. The passion with which she inspired him was, they say, the only one he ever knew. His library comprising all his works filled with manuscript notes, have been carried to Russia. In the dining room is a satirical picture, a monument of Voltaire's detestation of the malevolent stings of criticism and envy. The subject of this painting is *Fame* presenting Voltaire to the *God of Poetry*, who descends from his chariot to receive and crown him: the *Temple of Memory* is decorated with columns, between which are the busts of *Euripides*, *Corneille*, *Racine*, and *Sophocles;* that of Voltaire is crowned by the *Loves*, and *Pegasus* is seen in the back ground: on the right of the picture are *Freron*, *Sabathier*, *Putouillet*, and *Desfontaines*, humbled and scourged by *the Furies*. Thus Voltaire during his repasts amused himself at the expense of these personages. Portraits of *Calas*, *Sirven*, and *Madame Dupuy* adorn the hall. After going through that part of the chateau to which strangers are admitted, we returned again to the bed-room of Vol-

taire. Over the grand entrance were these lines, but they are now effaced.

> "Sumptibus has proprius struxit Voltairius ædes:
> "Hic effudit opes, dum scriptis edocet orbem.
> "Mœnia si starent, vatis dum scripta manebunt;
> "Urbs æterna fores, æternum nomen haberes."

This man, so often accused of insensibility*, was always sad and unquiet on the anniversary of St. Bartholomew; he remembered with grief, and often in tears the horrors of that bloody day. If any one approached him with an air of joy, he was displeased, and invariably shut himself up, passing the day in contemplation and alone.

Over the door of the chapel which he built is this inscription:

Deo erixit Voltaire M.D.CC.LXI.

In spite of all the declamations of envy and malignity, the following anecdote is well attested.

After supper one night at *Luneville*, at

* See Appendix, 11.

the court of *Stanislaus*, while playing at piquet with one of the ladies of the court, there happened to be a severe tempest. They were alone; the thunder bellowed tremendously, and the lady was alarmed. "What do you fear," said Voltaire, "did you ever hear of *General Capanie?*" "No."—"He was a Grecian who laughed at a tempest, and said that the thunderbolts of Jupiter were but the exhalations of a heated earth. Come let us finish the game." The lady still more frightened at this apostrophe, gave him to understand that this terrible storm was sent to punish her for being in company with a man who did not believe in God. "What do you say, madam," answered Voltaire, "I have said more in praise of that Great Creator in two words, than you have imagined of him during your whole life."

So far from Voltaire's being an atheist, this line of his proves him a deist:

"Si Dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer."*

*** See Appendix, 12.**

We wished to see his theatre, but it no longer exists. Often, to save the trouble of dressing twice, he would put on in the morning the robes in which he was to play at night, and thus walked in the fields in the costume of a *Lusignan* or a *Cicero*. His best character is said to have been *Cicero*, in *Rome saved*; a piece which he composed upon the following occasion. Voltaire had just received at Lunéville, the tragedy of *Catiline*, by *Crebillon*, which was then in high vogue at Paris. When he had finished reading it, he cried "a rascal, how he has disgraced his poor Cicero, but I will revenge him." The next day he had already conceived the plan of *Rome saved*, and in a few more he had completed it.

Before he bought Ferney, Voltaire lived at *Lausanne*, where he formed a society and a theatre at *Mont-Repos*. They there played in two following winters, *Alzire*, *Zaïre*, *Zulime* and the *Profligal Son*; in which Voltaire took the characters of *Lusignan*, *Alvarès*, *Benassen*, and *Euphémon*.

A favourite actress of his was one day preparing to take the part of *Statira* in *Olympia*, and for that purpose had just obtained a superb dress from Paris. Unfortunately Voltaire met her, and asked what she was going to do with those robes. "They are for to-night," said she: "No, you shall play under the veil," said Voltaire peevishly. The actress, enraged at this sombre decoration, threatened to withdraw herself; and he, impatient of resistance, cried indignantly—"By God, you are too fortunate to play under a veil, Madam, to conceal a face so hideous as your own." This was more severe than true, but however the unfortunate Statira played beneath the veil.

A worthy Abbé, passing by Ferney one day, thought that his time would not be ill-spent, if he called, and, by his doctrines, endeavoured to convert Voltaire. He was cordially received, as were all strangers, and the first afternoon passed off pleasantly: but on the following morning his intended disciple grew impatient, and suddenly in-

terrupting him, demanded if he was aware in what point he was the direct reverse of Don Quixote? The worthy Abbé was thunderstruck at so strange an interruption to his pious discourse. ' Because,' said Voltaire, " Don Quixotte always mistook inns for castles ; but you, my good friend, have mistaken a castle for an inn."

After having passed a great part of his life here, Voltaire at length determined to quit these delicious retreats for the tumultuous scenes of the metropolis, where he terminated his brilliant career on the 30th of May, 1778, a few weeks after his arrival. Amongst a multitude of poetical effusions, which were written upon the occasion, the following were chosen for his tomb:

" O Parnasse, gémis de douleur et d'effroi !
" Muses, pleurez, brisez vos lyres immortelles !
" Toi, dont il fatigua les cent voix et les ailes,
" Dis que Voltaire est mort, pleure!......et repose-
toi."

CHAP. IV.

GENEVA.

Leaving this spot, which recalled so many interesting circumstances in Voltaire's life, we reached the borders of the lake in the afternoon, where we stopped at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, about a mile from the town. Geneva is situated on the spot where the blue waters of the Rhone rush impetuously from the lake, and the infinite number of villas in the vicinity, prove the opulence of their inhabitants. In the evening we hired a gondola, and rowed upon the lake. The clouds had cleared from the mountains, and we had an extensive view of nearly the whole length of it. The water was so perfectly transparent, that the smallest object was discernible at the bottom, and the air possessed a balmy sweetness peculiar to these climates. The ter-

races of numerous chateaus, intermixed with luxuriant vineyards, reach along each edge, while beyond, the trees rising in amphitheatre one above another, darkened with the deep foliage of the pine and cedar, break at once upon the glittering snow-clad mountains and glaciers, which, though sixty miles distant, seem impending in dazzling splendour over the smooth surface of the waters, wherein they are beautifully reflected. Of all the scenes in nature, none can exceed this enchanting spot; where, though an eternal winter reigns within your view, you are enjoying under a cloudless sky, the warmest beams of a southern sun, tempered by a refreshing breeze which almost always plays upon the azure waters of the lake, and which, coming from the distant mountains, brings with it the fragrance of ten thousand aromatic shrubs over which it passes, and meets you with a balmy sweetness gratifying every sense. In one part were numerous boats employed in fishing: nearer the town, the water was crowded with gondolas, their silken awnings glittering with the

brightest colours, containing numerous parties: here and there were dispersed bands of Savoyard music, to which, as they alternately played, the *bateliers* directed their course, forming circles around them; at intervals, small cannon were discharged, after each report of which, the sound was echoed and re-echoed from all the nearer rocks and caverns, ending in a rolling thunder amongst the distant mountains. The sun was set, leaving the bright refulgence of an Italian sky—scarce a breath disturbed the glassy smoothness of the lake, and the intervals between the music were filled only by the busy hum and tinkling bells from the distant shores, or the sweet voices of the numerous female parties which composed the assemblage. It was a fete. After enjoying this interesting scene till a late hour, we returned to our hotel with the highest ideas of these delightful regions, on which the bounteous hand of Providence seems to have bestowed the combined blessings of all other countries; where a garden of Eden is seen

bounded by a Nova Zembla; where mountains, charged with an eternal snow, rise from vallies of spontaneous luxuriance.

" Where ceaseless zephyrs fan the glade,
" Soft murmuring through the laurel shade;
" Beneath whose waving foliage grow
" The vi'let sweet of purple glow,
" The daffodil that breathes perfume,
" And roses of immortal bloom;"

. . . .

The Prince of Hesse when at Geneva in 1602, gave the town ten thousand crowns with this epigram:—

" Quisquis amat vitam, sobriam, castamque tueri,
" Perpetuo esto illis casta Geneva domus:
" Quisquis amat vitam hanc bene vivere, vivere et illam,
" Illi iterum fuerit casta Geneva domus.
" Illic invenies, quidquid conducit utrique:
" Religio hic sana est, aura, ager atque lucus."*

This little republic is rich and populous,

* See Appendix, 13.

containing more than 25,000 inhabitants: the same number as Athens possessed of old. The town is built without regularity, the houses are high, and those in the lower quarter, where the shops are, have arcades supported by thick wooden pillars, which obstruct and obscure the streets.

The neighbourhood of the mountains renders the temperature of Geneva very cold in winter, and as hot in summer: and the sudden and frequent changes in the state of the weather, are injurious to many foreign constitutions.

The lake, formerly known under the name of lake Leman, is situated in the midst of the valley which separates the Alps from the Jura mountains. The Rhone, flowing from *Le Valais*, traverses this enormous natural basin, there cleansing its troubled waters. This was the birth-place of *Calvin*,* who was born at *Noyon*, on the borders of the lake, the son of a cooper. In

* See Appendix, 14.

the library at Geneva, they preserve forty-four volumes, containing two thousand and twenty-three of his sermons.

'Calvin was driven from Geneva in 1538, and recalled in 1541, when he was made legislator and *l'apôtre* of the town.* But the horrible murder of *Michel Servet* will reflect eternal disgrace upon his memory. This Spaniard, a physician and divine, had attacked the doctrines of Calvin, who ordered him to be arrested at *Vienne* in *Dauphiny*: but Servet, who escaped from prison, had the imprudence to pass through Geneva soon afterwards, where his implacable enemy again threw him into a dungeon, and condemned him to be burnt alive, having first plundered him of all his possessions. Servet suffered excruciating agonies for the space of two hours, for the wind being high the fire would not take effect. In the midst of his torments, he cried from the flames which had half consumed him, "Wretched that I am! with an hundred pieces of gold, and the diamond collar of which you rob-

* See Appendix, 15.

bed me, can you not buy sufficient wood to consume me quicker?"

Jean de Bogny, one of their bishops, is also of famous memory at Geneva. In his youth he was a swine-herd, and so poor, that he could not buy a pair of shoes, but begged of a shoemaker, with all the timidity and embarrassment of the most abject distress. The shoemaker gave him a pair, and smiling said, "You shall pay me when you become a cardinal." Bogny had the good fortune soon afterwards to gain the notice of a man of rank, who seeing his genius sent him to the university, where his talents and good fortune concurred in actually making him a cardinal. His first care was to recompense his *cordonnier*. This prelate was so little ashamed of his origin, that he had himself engraved as a swine-herd over each of the chairs in the chapel of *Machebes* which he founded, and took a pig for his arms. This memorial is still to be seen in the library.

The above story is somewhat similar to that of the shoemaker of *Melun*, *Jacques*

Amiot. Amiot at an early period of his life, ran away from his father's house, wandered about the country, and fell sick upon the road. A person passing by, took him up, and conveyed him to the hospital at *Orleans*, where he gave him *twelve sous*, and took his leave. It was in remembrance of this charity, that when Amiot became Grand Almoner of France, and Bishop of Auxerre, he bequeathed *twelve hundred crowns* to this hospital."

In the church of *St. Gervais*, at Geneva, is a monument in memory of those who sacrificed their lives to the preservation of their country on the night of the famous *escalade* in 1602.*

The cathedral of *St. Pierre*, contains many monuments of celebrated persons, and many Roman inscriptions: among others, the mausoleum of *Amelia de Nassau, Princess of Orange*, and widow of *Don Emanuel, Prince of Portugal*, who died at Geneva in 1628.†

* See Appendix, 16. † See Appendix, 17.

D'Alembert projected the establishment of a theatre here; but J.J. Rosseau,* being a citizen of the town, attacked him by a letter, wherein he declared, that morality could not tolerate such spectacles, and that the constitution of Geneva would not allow of them.†

We passed an evening at the beautiful country-house of *M. Hentish*, on the borders of the lake opposite the wonderful picture which the glaciers of Savoy present, commanded by the colossal figure of Mont Blanc, where Winter seems to have placed his everlasting throne.

Never sated with this delicious scenery we again went upon the lake on one of those beautiful mornings in June, when the azure of the heavens is not obscured by a single cloud, and the soft breath of a balmy air infuses fresh spirits, awakens new sensations, and makes us feel the blessings

* See Appendix, 18.

† See Appendix, 19, 20.

of existence. In the midst of this sweet enchantment of nature, when in the middle of the lake, and casting our eyes around upon the volume of tranquil waters which encompassed us, reflecting the enormous features of the surrounding landscape, the calm silence was suddenly interrupted by the cries of some wild birds which hovered above us, whose plumage of a silvery white glittered in the bright rays of the sun. Our *batclier* called them *Grebes*, and said that their feathers are made use of to form the state robes and dresses of the country.

This man, who seemed well informed, told us that the length of the lake was about sixteen leagues, and its greatest breadth three and a quarter; towards Geneva its depth is but trifling, at the distance of two or three miles it becomes greater, and in some places is one hundred and ninety fathoms, which is seventy-five fathoms deeper than the Baltic.

Except at the mouth of the Rhone, where

the river enters the lake from *Le Valais*, the waters are clear as the purest crystal; their height varies often five or six feet, increasing from April to August, and lessening from September to December, occasioned by the thawing or congelation of the Alpine rivers. It abounds in trout and in a species of fish called *l'ombre de Chevalier*, which is much esteemed.

One fine morning we took the opportunity of walking about a mile beyond the town to see the junction of *the Rhone* and *the Arve*, which for some distance flow on together, each preserving their separate colours distinctly marked; the former of the purest azure from the lake, the latter a muddy brown from the glaciers. Above the spot where they meet, stands another beautiful retreat of Voltaire, *the Délices*, which he often mentions in his works.

"O, maison d'Aristippe! ô jardin d'Epicure."

This house being within the limits of the republic, he retired to it from France,

in which Ferney is; but afterwards, having given offence to the Genevese, he was obliged to return, and taking with him many of the mechanics, he bought land and settled it upon them. Thus Ferney became a considerable village, himself the idol of it all.

> " Au milieu des sujets soumis a sa puissance
> " Comme il etoit sans crainte, il marchoit sans dé-
> " fence.
> " Par l'amour de son peuple il se croyoit gardé."

At the Délices we found the bench to which he was carried in his last illness, that he might once more contemplate the majestic beauties of the surrounding scenery before he quitted it for ever.

We afterwards proceeded to *Mont Salive*, which is about four miles from Geneva. The ascent was long and arduous, but we were amply repaid by the wonderful scenes which the summit presented to our view. On one side the lake and its fertile plain

laid beneath us like a vast map, on the other the glaciers and Alps rose above us into the clouds, and through some of the breaks between them, admitted a view into Piedmont. Towards the south the lake of *Anneci* was clearly discernible winding amongst the black rocks at a distance. On the highest summit we found a solitary cabin, the residence of a berger who tends his cows on these verdant pasturages, and which afforded us some excellent milk; a refreshment we stood in need of.

On this, and all the mountains of Switzerland, wolves and bears are not uncommon, between which latter and the bulls, there exists a wonderful antipathy, so much so, that when a bull smells a bear in its neighbourhood, no fences, no barriers can confine him. They have a regular appointed rendezvous every day, and always fight till one or the other falls: *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Eneus* and *Turnus* never pursued each other with more inveteracy than do these animals. In the plain, the bear has the advantage; amongst the forests and

rocks, the bull invariably triumphs. A bull, which had once pursued a bear from its pasturage, was no where to be found; after three days search, however, he was discovered immoveable, and pressing against a rock with all his strength his enemy long since dead and putrid: this animal had made such efforts, that his hoofs were driven several feet into the earth.

Among the Alps are also found the *eagle*, the *chamois*, and the *marmot*. The *chamois* is a little larger than a goat, but much superior in power and agility; the strongest man cannot hold one of a month old: they bound from precipice to precipice to a prodigious distance, gaining the loftiest summits, and precipitating themselves from the steepest rocks without fear. The chace of this animal occupies a great part of this mountainous population, and many perish annually in the hazardous pursuit.

Often the hunter, overtaken by a dark mist, loses himself amongst the ices, and

dies of cold and hunger; or the rains render the rocks so slippery, that he is not able to re-ascend them. In the midst of eternal snows, braving all dangers, they follow the chamois frequently by the marks of their feet: when one is perceived at a distance, the hunter creeps along till within reach of his gun, which he rests on a rock, and is almost always sure of his prey:—thus the innocent beast, which tranquilly feeds perhaps, enjoys the last moments of its happy existence. But if his watchful eye perceives the enemy, as is often the case, he flies from rock to rock "*timor addidit alas*," and the fatigues of the pursuer begin, who traverses the snows, and climbs the precipices, heedless of how he is to return. Night arrives, yet the hopes of the morrow re-assure him, and he passes it under a rock. There, without fire, without light, he draws from his wallet a little cheese and oaten bread, which he is obliged to break with a stone, or with the hatchet he carries to cut his path in the ice. This repast finished, he falls asleep upon his bed of snow, considering

what route the chamois has probably taken. At break of day he awakens insensible to the charms of a beautiful morning, to the glittering rays which silver the snowy summits of the mountains around him, and thinking only of his prey, seeks fresh dangers. Thus they frequently remain many days in these horrible deserts, while their wives and families scarcely dare to sleep, least they should behold the spirits of their dead husbands, for it is believed that a *Chasseur* after his death always appears to the person who is most dear to him, to make known the spot where lie his mangled remains, and to beg the rites of burial.

So insurmountable is this passion, that a young huntsman who was just married, said to his friend with the most stoical composure, "My father and my grandfather have perished in the chase, and I am so persuaded that I shall perish there also, that I call this wallet which I carry, my shroud, since I shall have no other." A few months afterwards his foot slipped in

crossing a frightful precipice, and he met his destiny.

The chase of the *marmot*, or mountain rat, is less dangerous. This animal sleeps in its earth during the winter, till the month of May. Perceiving the approach of a man or a bird of prey, it whistles through its teeth so shrill, that it may be heard further than the report of a gun, upon which alarm they will hide themselves in their burrows.

After having traversed Mont Salive* we returned fatigued to Geneva, and very glad,

"Solito membra levare toro."

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* See Appendix, 21.

CHAP. V.

BONNE-VILLE.

My friend having given orders for his carriage to meet us at *Berne* at a stated time, we all started from Geneva together to make the tour of the Alps, which from *Salanche* must necessarily be performed on mules.

The famous *Phocion* about to ascend the tribune, seemed to hesitate;—he was asked the cause; "I was thinking," said he "how to abridge what I have to say for I know not where to begin."

How can I describe my astonishment, my admiration on approaching these enormous masses, these *grands ossemens* of the earth, the mazy windings of the impetuous rivers; the dark frowning chasms in the

mountains; their picturesque imposing aspect; the medley of luxuriant verdure, and dry barren rocks; the rich tint of the woods, mingled with the bright glare of the snows.

> "Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
> "Fundit humus flores."

We passed under the *Mole* Mountain, and dined at *Bonne-ville*, a pretty little town on the Arve. From thence we proceeded to *Cluse*, quitting which, and entering a narrow defile we were struck with the imposing majesty of the vast mountains which surrounded us, the variety of their forms, their superb decorations. The rapid Arve, the verdant meadows which bordered it, the forests of black fir, had an effect upon the soul like enchantment. At this spot, I cried with Virgil

> "Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori,
> "Hic nemus, hic ipso *tecum* consumerer ævo."

My friend said it was all very well in

speculation, but that *ennui* would quickly sadden the beauteous scene. We passed through these charming meadows interspersed, with little groves and watered by a thousand rivulets flowing into the Arve, where the imagination could form ideas of voluptuous repose, of the most delicious retreat; but presently a barren mountain in frowning majesty presented a striking contrast. Its craggy ruins seemed to threaten the little hamlet of *Maglan* beneath; great masses of detached rocks had rolled into the midst of the meadows, and inspired an idea of horror and grief for the unfortunate sufferers whose peaceful huts are often buried in such falls.

Presently we heard the roar of the Cascade of *Arpenas.* This sheet of water falls from an height of eight hundred feet, is lost in the air, and descends in fleecy clouds where the sun forms rainbows; then caught again by an inclined rock, it casts its huge masses of white spray around, and rushes down with increased velocity into the

basin, which nature has formed for it in a verdant meadow below.

We stopped at the picturesque village of *Salanche* for the night. Early the next day we provided ourselves with mules and guides, and ascending for the space of several hours, arrived at the little romantic lake of *Chède*, and soon afterwards at the hamlet; having on our left, woods of wild walnut, whose broad foliage sheltered us from a burning sun, and on the right, the river Arve, whose muddy stream, flowing from the snows and glaciers and joined by a multitude of little cascades, roared over its rocky bed in the dark gulph below. In some spots, vineyards formed a striking contrast with the dazzling snows and black pines with which the mountains behind were covered.

We again descended towards the torrent through a narrow path, by the side of which was the monument to some unfortunate victim, who had recently perished in an *ava-*

lange. A bridge is thrown across the river at this spot, which they call the *Pont-des-Chèvres*, being composed but of two planks, hardly allowing a goat to pass. This route conducts to the *Valley of Chaumoni*. Each step varied the scene; having crossed the Arve, and proceeded a few hundred paces along the edge of the precipice, what a spectacle presented itself! We saw before us the torrent, boiling, angry, throwing its masses of white spray to the height of twenty or thirty feet with a convulsive roar. The rocks by which it rushed, staggered; the trees shook. Although at the height of eighty feet above this terrible convulsion, we felt the agitation of the air, and were enveloped in foam and spray.

In silence we contemplated this phenomenon with a chilling stupor. The mules, accustomed to the road, carried us across, and we found ourselves safe on the other side, where the path became more steep.

Our guides shewed us the place where a

mountain had given way in 1751, with such a terrible crash, and with a cloud of snow and dust so dark, so vast, that the inhabitants of the neighbouring cantons, thought the earth shaken to its foundations, and the judgment day arrived.

Presently we were thunderstruck by the awful majesty of Mont Blanc, and the dazzling glare of its massy snows; while beneath us lay mountains covered with thick forests, smiling meadows filled with herds, and at the bottom, a basin of limpid water.

The variety of the prospect, the freshness, the purity of the atmosphere, the eternal silence of these vast solitudes, which is broken but by the fall of waters, all conveyed to the soul a pleasure unknown—feelings altogether new. Arriving at the highest point of our rocky path, we discovered below us, the whole length of the valley of Chaumoni, to which we were about to descend.

> " Around the Alps of Piedmont rose
> " The blush of sun-set on their snows."
>
> JACQUELINE.

The aspect was theatrical; all had the charm of perfect novelty. Transported into another planet feelings more vivid could not have been excited. What a contrast between the luxuriant verdure which carpeted the valley, and the enormous masses of ice in the midst, mixing themselves with the richest productions of the earth! One of these accumulations, *the Glacier de Boissons*, looked like the ruins of a vast town, with its towers, its pyramids, its obelisks, some fallen, others falling, some of the colour of the purest alabaster, others reflecting the rays of the sun of a bright azure. We were at the foot of the highest mountains of Europe! At their bases are scattered verdant pasturages filled with cattle, then forests to the height of six or seven thousand feet, where commence dry barren rocks, formed into a thousand grotesque shapes, and

backed by the eternal snows of Mont Blanc to the height of sixteen thousand feet!

We approached the torrent of *Gias*, one of the largest that falls from these mountains, and passed it on foot, upon the blocks of granite which rose above its surface. A prodigious mass of waters precipitated themselves around; rolling along huge fragments of rock, trunks of trees, and whatever obstructed their passage, with a frightful noise. In passing this spot our guides told us, that a few days before, it had been the grave of a poor peasant girl. Her mule, alarmed at the waters, rushed over the precipice, and was caught by the trunk of a pine, whilst its ill-fated rider continued falling from rock to rock, and at last disappeared in the boiling torrent below.

Passing at the foot of the Glacier de Boissons, which runs down from Mont Blanc into the valley, we arrived at the village of Chaumoni, called *Le Prieuré*, in the evening. It is built upon a little elevated ground on the borders of the Arve,

and at the height of 3144 feet above the level of the sea.

There are two tolerable *auberges*, and we chose the *Ville de Londres*.

It is a well-attested fact that this little enclosed valley was not known, even to the people of Geneva, till the year 1747, when it was discovered by two travellers, one of whom was an Englishman. It is rich and well cultivated, although bounded on all sides by snow and ice. The butter and cheeses here made have a balsamic flavour, and the honey is exquisitely fine. These productions, with a few cattle, form the sole commerce of the canton. They sow in the month of May, and reap in August. The Arvo, which runs through the whole length of the valley, abounds with trout; and the mountains with the chamois*.

Qui non palazzi, non teatro o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un 'abete, un faggio, un pino
Trà l'erba verde e'l bel monte vicino
Levan di terra al Ciel nostr' intelletto.

PETRARCH.

The rays of the sun, concentrated in this little space, and reflected from the rocks on all sides, bear a great power. In the summer the thermometer of Reaumur stands usually at 19°. The winter commences in November and ends in May, during which season the valley is covered with snow to the depth of three or four feet; the nights are clear, and the thermometer is usually at 10° below congelation*.

This valley is subject to terrible storms, especially in the spring and autumn; though in general, the air is so calm, so pure, so light, that it is difficult to conceive from whence such disastrous effects should arise. But tempests are always more violent and more dangerous on these elevations than on the plains, for the winds, confined and ingulfed in the chains of mountains, escape in gusts which almost suppress respiration, and when joined by the loosened snow, as frequently happens,

* See Appendix, 22.

the atmosphere is obscured, and the traveller obliged to shut his eyes: he dies of cold if he stops, if he continues his way he risks the danger of falling down a precipice. Rushing violently from the chasms of the rocks, the storms sometimes strip whole forests, and overturn villages, while the awful explosions of avalanches are keeping up a continual roar. Such are the wonderful scenes which present themselves to the unregarding, peaceful inhabitants of the Alps*. Each resembles the old man of *Herminie*.

" Che non brama tresor, ne regal verga;
" Ne cura o voglia ambiziosa, o avara,
" Mai nel tranquillo del suo petto alberga."

Although in these wintry climates, the population increases, which must arise from the facility of subsistence, and the tranquil contentment of their lives. The moral character of the two sexes is that of candour, sensibility and sound judgment: in-

* See Appendix, 23.

nocent gaiety lightens their countenances, and smiles in their hearts:—happy effects of minds virtuous and free from inquietude.

An inhabitant of Berne one day having some dispute with his mountain friend from Chaumoni, after some altercation, cried—"Good reason has the poet to say,

Urbs facit urbanos, Alpes alpestria gignunt."

"But," answered the other quickly, "you have forgotten the second verse—

"Urbs facit inflatos, mentiri et fallere suetos."

It is in this valley that the astonished beholder views three summits charged with an eternal snow. The first and lowest, called *Le Dôme du Goûté;* the second *Mont Blanc*, which rises as a giant over all the chain of Alps; and the third the *Tucul*. These three summits, which in fact form the stupendous mass of Mont Blanc, are encompassed by a chain of pyramidal rocks, where you may conceive to see realised the fable of the giants.

"Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio ossam
"Scilicet atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum."

But this Mont Blanc, whose head was buried in the clouds, fixed all our attention: the other mountains which gird it appear to exist but for its protection and glory. This theatre of death, these colossal mountains, which we regard as a deformity of the globe, present an admirable picture of the well preserved order of nature, and in the bosom of these barren rocks, and wintry snows, we may perceive the regularity and all-wise providence of God. It is there that the thick clouds form themselves, and accumulate; it is there that they are condensed, and fall in snow; and these frightful and sterile regions thus become the eternal reservoirs of our rivers which distribute luxury and comfort to every part of Europe.

Mont Blanc being at present too deep in snow, the guides would not attempt it, but, armed with iron pointed poles, we set

out to ascend *Mont Anvert*. Crossing the meadows on mules, which shewed a wonderful sagacity in picking out their hazardous path, we rode about a league up the mountain, when we were obliged to dismount, and trust to our feet. We followed our guides through a forest of pines, and soon began to enter the regions of winter. Vast masses of granite lay around us, which had been brought down by the recent avalanches:—at times, the guides would not allow us to speak, least the concussion of the air should bring down the snows hanging frightfully above. In the crevices, between the rocks, the beautiful *Rhododendron* was in full bloom, and the ground in many places variegated with the choicest flowers. We presently reached the fountain *de Caillet*, a pure spring which flows from the rocks, and which is about half the distance to the summit. Soon afterwards we approached the *Mer de Glace*, then turning from it again, after an arduous ascent of four hours, arrived at the top. A new universe opened beneath our view; nature seemed to rise out of chaos,

"Rudis indigistaque moles."

Before us was immense extent of solid ice, many hundred feet deep; like a sea, whose waves running mountains high, were suddenly congealed. Life and movement had fled this terrible desert: a vast silence reigned around, all was dead, and we seemed to be in the very tomb of nature. We perceived pyramids of ice, so bright, so high, so majestic, that the astonished imagination could scarcely measure them; they were the enormous accumulations of the snows and ices of four thousand winters! In the midst of these awful scenes, some benevolent traveller has left money to build a house for shelter, which we took possession of, spreading upon the table the dinner which we had brought up with us: and after descending to view the wonderful spectacle of the *Mer de Glace*, we returned to partake of it. We made a large fire and seated ourselves around it, with our cold fowl in our hands; our wine wanted no cooling.

I asked my friend if he recollected the

valley *de Tempé?* "Yes," said he, blowing his fingers; "but you shall never persuade me that I am there."

However, so well were we satisfied with our situation, that in spite of the chilling cold, we determined to pass the night there, and made preparations accordingly. After dinner we ventured to ascend the craggy precipices of the pyramid *du Charmoz*, high above us, walking over ruins made by the convulsions of the globe, whose epoch is lost in the night of time, and seeing beneath us mountains heaped in wild chaos one upon another, with their dark gulphs and frowning chasms. Nothing could exceed the splendid effect of the atmosphere on these elevations; where the disk of the sun appeared smaller, and disarmed of its burning power, although casting a most brilliant white light.

Its last rays afforded a spectacle most superb. The summits of all the surrounding mountains seemed inflamed; to this ardent tint succeeded the purple, and the rose,

which latter lighted up the highest pinnacles of the rocks during the whole night: the stars held their silent course "through the drear realms of night," and shone without scintillation. The moon seemed nearer to us, although its diameter was smaller, and the deep blue of the heavens appeared lost behind its disk.

One beautiful night in Summer, Voltaire and Mad. du Châtclet walked to *Circy* together, and the latter, contemplating the superb appearance of the planets suspended at the distance of millions of miles in an immeasurable space, cried, "Ah que c'est beau! magnifique! quel sujet pour un poëme!" "A poem," said Voltaire, "you shall have one:"

"Tout ce vaste ocean d'azur et de lumière,
"Tiré du vide même, et formé sans matière,
"Arrondi sans compas, et tournant sans pivot,
"A peine a-t-il coûte la dépense d'un mot."——

CHAP. VI.

MONT ANVERT.

PRESENTLY the clouds gathered in the vallies below, and the guides told us that a storm approached. The thunder began to echo through the mountains with terrible explosions: the rain descended in huge drops, "*ruit arduus æther.*" My friend was carelessly holding his iron pointed pole in the air, when the electric fluid played upon its point, and descended through it with a hissing noise. In the intervals of silence, the marmot's whistle was heard at a distance—then a prolonged roaring louder than the thunder, followed by an agitation in the air, which sighed melancholy among the rocks. Our guides said it was occasioned by the rupture of the ices. To this storm succeeded a profound calm, interrupted at times by the explosion of an

avalange, prolonged by the echoes, or the shrill note of the marmot.

Making up our fire, we laid ourselves down to sleep.

" *L'Aurore cependant au visage vermeil*
" *Ouvroit dans l'Orient les portes du Soliel.*"

" Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
" Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

LARA.

The loftiest point of Mont Blanc, alone, amidst the chaos of dark mountains around, was lighted by the rays of the rising sun. Its nearer approach to the horizon, was announced by a beautiful rose colour, admirably blended with the deeper shades of departing night, and by the silvery azure of the reflecting ices. Presently it broke upon us in splendid majesty. After our scanty breakfast, we descended again to the Mer de Glace, where we found ourselves in an ocean of ice, with dark chasms beneath, which had altered their forms since the preceding day; some having closed, and

others opened. Here and there huge blocks of granite, of many thousand tons each, were driven up by this moving frozen sea, and rested on its surface. One of our guides from Chaumoni was *Gabriel Payott*, by whose intrepidity and address, we were enabled to proceed over these frightful crevices. If he came to one which he could not leap over, he suspended himself on his pole, whose two extremes rested upon the sides of the yawning gulf, and thus came to our assistance. In advancing, we enjoyed the wonderous and diversified scene which presented itself. There silence reigned environed with terror: no more the cry of birds, or the whistle of the marmot;—nature inert, slept immoveable. I had but one idea; that of the Great Creator of these enormous masses. The Gauls, struck by the religious grandeur of their dark forests, conceived them to be the residence of their gods.* More astonished by the awful sublimity of these mountains, I thought I there beheld the hand of the Divinity:

* See Appendix, 24.

every thing announced the harmony and magnificence of his works.

Those who have never been on these heights of the globe, can have no idea of the change which there takes place in the human frame. Fatigue the most extreme, vanishes at once. It seems as if we had left below in the vallies, all the cares, the follies, the sorrows, and the passions* of humanity; there is more animation in the body; more serenity in the soul. The ideas take a character of the sublime, proportionate to the objects which strike the eye; a voluptuous tranquillity seizes us; and it appears as if the soul, in approaching to the ethereal regions, partakes of their unalterable purity.†

At the elevation of seven or eight thousand feet, you experience the same variations of temperature which local circumstances cause in the 80° of latitude; and in a walk of a few hours up these mountains,

* See Appendix, 25. † See Appendix, 26.

you have felt the influence of all the seasons, running through the whole scale of vegetation.

While we were traversing the Mer de Glace, the clouds arose from the vallies, and enveloped us in a falling mist, which turning to rain, obliged us to seek shelter in our hut above. Thus defeated in our purpose of going further up the mountains, we seized the first moment of fair weather to descend again to Chaumoni. In advancing, we began to see the first slender stalks of verdure, and presently encountered herds of goats and cows, which they leave to feed by themselves during three or four weeks in the summer. By the side of the ice, in the very bosom of its horrors, we perceived delicious little retreats, and smiling pasturages exhaling the perfume of a thousand rare and beautiful flowers. Taking a different path to that by which we ascended, we arrived in the valley at the foot of the Mer de Glace, where issues the *Arveiron* from an arch of transparent ice, far under which its bellowings are

heard. Bursting from its long confinement with a dazzling cloud of spray, it peacefully flows on to join the Arve, watering the fertile meadows in its course. Arriving at the village of Chaumoni again in the evening, and leaving to those who are more daring, the ascension of Mont Blanc,* we contented ourselves with visiting the peaceful spots in the valley.

Among the Alps alone, are found men, rustic without being ferocious, civilized without being corrupted. Our peasants in England are not to be compared with them: there, living among their equals, they are contented, possess an elevated mind, are generous, and welcome strangers as brothers. The following trait is as characteristic as it is singular. Frantz went one evening to Gaspard, who was mowing his field, "My friend," said he, "the time is come to get up this hay, you know there is a dispute about the meadow, to whom it belongs, you or me; to decide the question

* See Appendix, 27.

I have assembled together the appointed judges at Salenche, so come with me to-morrow, and state your claims." "You see, Frantz," answered Gaspard, "that I have cut the grass, it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that I should get it up to-morrow; I cannot leave it." "And I cannot send away the judges who have chosen the day themselves; besides we must know to whom the meadow belongs before it is cleared." They debated some time; at length Gaspard said to Frantz—"Go to Salenche, tell the judges *my* reasons, as well as *your own*, for claiming the meadow, and then I need not go myself." So it was agreed—Frantz pleaded both for and against himself, and to the best of his power gave in his own claims, as well as those of Gaspard. When the judges had pronounced their opinion, he returned to his friend, saying, "The meadow is thine—the sentence is in thy favour, and I wish you joy." Frantz and Gaspard ever afterwards remained friends.

People the earth with such men as

these, and happiness would be ensured to it.

"Plusque ibi boni mores valent quàm alibi bonæ leges."

My fellow-traveller joined me one morning, and we went to see the Glacier de Boissons, which, though not so extensive as the Mer de Glace, certainly exceeds it in splendour, and in the height of its enormous pinnacles of transparent ice. In my way, I encountered a peasant, whose figure resembled rather that of a beast than a man; he was enveloped in a bear's skin, and armed with a club.

"Vox fera, trux vultus, verissima Martis imago
"Non coma, non ulla barba resecta manu."

I was resting myself on a rock, when he accosted me in French, and asked if I had lost my way. "No," said I, "I have only wandered from my companion to admire these sublime scenes." After talking with him some time, I perceived a book which stuck half-way out of his pocket: "Have you found that book?" said I, "No, it belongs to me. *il traite des roy-*

aumes du Nord.") "What then! can you read?" "Aye, and write to." We entered farther into conversation, and I found that he had read Rousseau and Voltaire, and was otherwise well informed. These people, during the long nights of winter, amuse themselves by reading to their families.

The loftiest pines in the forest which borders either side of this Glacier, sink into nothing when seen by the side of these enormous masses of ice. At the place where we crossed its breadth was about a league, and its gaping chasms, and emerald caverns were awfully sublime, extending downwards to the depth of many hundred feet.

The *Jardin* and *Cormajeur* being still covered with snow too deep for the guides to venture, we left Chaumoni, and took the road along the valley towards the *Col de Balme* *, from the summit of which we

* See Appendix, 28.

were promised (after Mont Blanc) the finest and most extensive view of this chain of the Alps.

We arrived at a path which turns from the borders of the turbid Arve, into the mountains on the left of the valley, towards the *Tête Noire*, where, as we arose, the villages and cabins disappeared, lost in the gloomy distance below. The superb perspective of the whole valley lay beneath us. The sinuosities of the river augmented by its glaciers, and joined by numberless cascades, added to the diversities of light and shade, formed a picture which no artist could imitate.

We soon entered into the very heart of savage nature, rough coated with barren rocks and broken drifts of snow. We mounted among the craggs, leaving far to our right the little village of *La Tour*. These snows had not been passed since the winter, and our faithful guide, Payott, took us something out of our way to avoid the

worst of them. I here narrowly escaped paying for my temerity with my life.

In crossing one of these snow-clad precipices, from whence a cataract descended, an eagle, which we had disturbed from its solitary abode, hovered over our heads; I gazed up at it from the narrow ledge on which we stood. The stunning roar of the waters, the dark abyss below, and the awfulness of the situation altogether, concurred to confuse the imagination, and turn the brain. When I cast my eyes down again, all swam before me, my pole dropped from my hand, and had not my attentive guide caught me at the moment I must have followed it.

We ascended again to an elevation which appeared to be the very centre of movement. The agitation of the air, the shattered and overthrown pines, the torrents and cascades, all astonished and awed the soul.

At intervals, the distant explosions of

avalanges made us shudder with affright. We reached a lone *châlet*, situated in the midst of a beautiful pasturage, the summer residence of a shepherd, who tends his cows during a few weeks in the year, upon this favoured spot. Mounting again, with infinite labour we attained the summit of the *Col de Balme*, where glittering snows seemed lengthening into the clouds. Yet at this stupendous height, Mont Blanc, twelve miles distant, appeared to tower as much above us as when we were at its foot. Between us and it lay the *Mer de Glace*, the Glaciers *de Boisson*, *L'Argentiere*, and *La Tour:* on the other side of the valley, the summit of *Mont Buet* reared its head between the *Aiguilles Rouge:* still nearer on the right, over the desert tracts of snow we saw the ancient territory of the *Pays de Vaud;* and in the east, the Rhone winding through *Le Valais* towards the lake of Geneva, backed by lofty rocks and mountains with the white summit of *St. Bernard**. On such spots as were free from snow my

* See Appendix, 29.

guide pointed out to me, among a variety of flowers, the *oreille-d'ours*, the *serpolet*, and wild thyme; the latter with a fragrance so rich, that in shaking it as we walked, it impregnated the air with the most delicious odours.

..........each beauteous flower
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin
Reared high their flourished heads, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than the stone
Of costliest emblem :.............

MILTON.

The flowers seemed here to exhale a sweeter perfume, and to possess colours more vivid, than in the vallies.

Upon the highest point of the *Col de Balme*, is the boundary stone between Switzerland and Savoy. We were standing by it, admiring the stupendous scenery around, when on a sudden the rolling of an avalanche struck our ears: we listened— the noise was yet far off, but grew louder,

and in a few seconds a mountain of snow seemed falling over us. Like the country rat we fled,

> "A la porte de la salle
> "Ils entendirent du bruit;
> "Le rat de ville détale,
> "Et son compagnon le suit;"

but we knew not where to go. The noise echoed, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other; then it seemed afar off in the distant vallies. To put an end at last to our alarms, an avalanche of snow, which caused all the confusion, rolled down with a mighty crash, and covered the rocks we had just been traversing. The danger having thus vanished, we pursued our course while the guides amused us with the following account of an avalanche which happened near this spot.

"About six years ago, Walter returned from Chaumoni one day in the end of October. It had snowed hard, and with infinite difficulty he climbed the rock, from

whence he was accustomed to obtain the first view of his cabin. It was not to be seen. Nothing appeared before him but an extent of drifted snow. His dwelling was swallowed up, his wife and child buried. He stood chilled with horror at this frightful spectacle. Presently, no doubt inspired by Heaven, he ran back to his friends in the valley, to beg their assistance; many joined him armed with pickaxes and shovels: they worked with an indefatigable ardour to remove this horrible mound of snow and ice. Walter exhorted them, encouraged them, and doubled his efforts. Night came on, his friends left him, and he worked by himself. They returned next day—the same endeavours, the same success:—a second day finished, and nothing appeared. Walter remained alone, continuing his efforts. The third day, their labour recommenced, and Walter first perceived the chimney of his cabin, and found his wife, his infant, and the goat which had supported them, still alive. Who can paint the picture of this little family

at the moment of their reunion; their tears, their transports, and their joy! A protecting rock had forced the avalange to take another direction and saved the cabin."

A lofty mountain was intercepting the watery rays of the sun, which tinged the snows around with a golden hue; below, deeper shades enveloped the forests, dark and tufted, and which sunk down into obscurity. I followed my guide from rock to rock, while every step afforded us magnificent and diversified points of view. The profound silence of these deserts was broken only by the roaring of the numerous cascades. The rainbows formed in their falls, and the dark shadows of the rocks, painted in a little lake before us, inspired the most awful feelings.

Approaching the edge of this lone water, we rolled down a broken tree, which hung suspended upon a small rock above, and getting upon it, floated to the other side— it called to my mind the origin of navigation, and the immense distance between

this hollow tree, and a vessel mounting an hundred pieces of cannon.

> "Illi robur et æs triplex
> Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
> Commisit pelago ratem
> Primus."

My guide, who was a Frenchman, said to me ironically, "Do you suppose your countrymen would think themselves sovereigns of *this* sea." I dipped my finger into the water and tasted it; "No," said I, "it is not salt."

Presently a chamois started, and dashed with the rapidity of lightning down the trackless precipices. We now began to descend towards the little valley of *Trient*, which was about two leagues below us. These two leagues, which to walk would have taken four hours at least, we performed in less than one, by employing the means made use of by the people here, of resting on our poles and suffering ourselves to slide with wonderful rapidity down the

almost perpendicular beds of frozen snow; there was little or no danger in it, although it looked terrific; for when the quickness of the motion nearly took away the breath, or we came to a shelf where it was necessary to stop, it was easily done by pressing the heels down close, and bringing the pole forward. Thus you may approach the very edge of an unperceived precipice, and yet stop in time.

The temperature of these climates reminded me of a whimsical Russian anecdote:

The Prince of ——— having abjured the rites of the Greek Church, the Empress Petrowna, to punish his apostacy, forced him to wed a poor deformed old woman. The marriage was performed in a chapel of ice: the nuptial bed was ice; the cannon which announced this pompous fête, as well as the ball, was of ice also, and was discharged many times without bursting.

At last we arrived in the more habitable regions of the valley, where upon the grass sat an old man apparently in a deep reverie, with his head inclined, and resting in thoughtful mood upon his hands. The noise of our footsteps brushing through the long grass roused him, and with an eye wildly fixed on vacancy, he cried, "Look there—see—there's the spot:—behold that terrible cavern—I see her yet, bloody, mangled, and dying." These words made me shudder, but he became more himself, and told his piteous story: poor wretch! he had lately lost his only daughter, a young girl of eighteen. "A bear, mad with hunger, sprang upon her as she was gathering herbs at the foot of the rocks; she defended herself with courage; I heard her shrieks, I fled to her assistance, but my child had perished. Inflamed with rage I seized my *bâton*, and attacked the monster; fury redoubled my efforts, and I saw him expire at my feet. I was revenged, but no longer had I a daughter." He pronounced these words with a vehe-

mence that made his whole frame tremble, his eyes wandered, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

The wildness of the spot where this unfortunate father bewailed the loss of his child, surrounded by sharp rocks, gaping chasms, and dark gulphs, reminded me of the entrance to Tartarus, except that we did not see *Tisiphone*, *pallâ succincta cruentâ*, nor heard the groans of the damned :

> " Hinc exaudire gemitus et sæva sonare
> " Verbera."

Nothing can be conceived more characteristic of the extraordinary country we were in, than the hamlet of *Trient*, situated in a delicious little enclosed valley, though where the rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrated, bounded at one end by a glacier, and at the other by the enormous black masses of the *Tête Noir*. After getting some refreshment of goat's milk and honey at a berger's cabin, we wound

up the sides of a steep mountain, the descent from which on the other side, long and rapid, led us into the country of *Le Valais.* Here the lower regions of the mountains, beneath the forests, were covered with vines, almost the first we had seen since quitting Geneva. The woods appeared to be much injured by fire, owing to the carelessness of the herd-keepers. The rough path-way was worn by the torrents, under the shade of wild walnuts, among which numerous rills and spouting sources flowed from the sides of the neighbouring rocks. It is the same throughout Switzerland, where every little cabin has by its side a shady fountain adorned with basins of stone or marble, sometimes richly carved. About eight in the evening we arrived at *Le Bourg*, and in half an hour afterwards at *Le Ville de Martigny**, a beautiful little scattered town situated at the bottom of *Le Valais*, near where the Rhone turns through the mountains to pursue its course

* See Appendix, 30

into the Lake of Geneva. On the bare point of a rock above, stand the massy ruins of an old chateau, whose terrace commands a fine view on all sides.

CHAP. VII.

LE VALAIS.

THE variety of scenes, climates, temperatures and productions of Switzerland, are found in *Le Valais*, in a smaller space, than in any other of the cantons. At one time, a quick and various succession of highly cultivated lands; at another, the frozen summits of the Alps, crowning rocks of a fearful height. Presently, perhaps, this magic picture disappears, concealed by thick forests, to whose deep shades again succeed smiling meadows richly clothed. At a turn in the road, an isolated column of rock presents itself surrounded by cultivation, or the horrors of a wild desert:—further off, above a vineyard, an impetuous torrent, which appears to take its source among the clouds, dashes from

rock to rock, arrives all foam at the foot of a precipice, and then calmly meanders through pasturages, covered with herds.

> "Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
> "Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
> "Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
> "Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
> "Down the slope hills................."

Contrasts between objects the most imposing, the most savage, and the most agreeable, every-where present themselves.

The mountains which enclose either side of this valley, are very high, and their inaccessible summits, covered with snows in winter, and ice in summer, cast a shade over it for three weeks before and after the winter solstice. Their middle regions are like the unfruitful regions of the North: but in the vallies, the productions are excellent, and so early, that the harvest is usually finished by the end of May. The wines are of a superior qua-

lity, and the inhabitants are prohibited from drinking any that are not made within their own cantons.

The Valaisians are poor, if those can be called so who desire nothing; rusticity of manners, and ignorance of luxury, limit their desires as well as their wants. As indifferent to the enjoyments, as to the conveniences of life, they are torpid with inactivity, and uncleanly to a degree. They are agreeable and obliging, yet superstitious and interested. The fertility of their soil is such, that it brings forth almost spontaneously wheat, barley, rye, and every species of fruit; and their cattle are esteemed the best in Switzerland.

Unfortunately this country is very subject to the *goiture*, and that lowest of the human species, the *Cretin*, is not uncommon. They unite to a figure the most hideous, the total absence of all intellectual faculties; being incapable of any spontaneous movement, they are treated as chil-

dren*. It is said, that the inhabitants regard such automata as beings privileged by Heaven, calling them *bonnes ames de Dieu, nettes de péchés*, and that parents prefer them to their other children, because they regard them as pledges of future happiness: but this I should be inclined to doubt.

After passing a day at Martigny we proceeded along the valley to *Sion*, which is situated on the rising ground at a little distance from the Rhone, looking upon a mountain covered with green meadows, ranged in amphitheatre. This old town†, the capital of the canton, was fortified before the use of cannon, and is still preserved so: in it are two high rocks, on which stand the palaces of the bishop, who once possessed three; one was burnt many years ago, and its remains form a picturesque ruin of vast extent.

* See Appendix, 31.

† See Appendix, 32.

I confess I was disgusted at this filthy town; yet in such a lovely country,

"*Ego paucis non offendar maculis;*"

gladly quitting it, however, we kept along the left bank of the Rhone, which is carpeted with meadows, and thick tufted with woods, while many scattered cabins animate the smiling picture. Each inhabitant has his mansion in the centre of his domain. The extremity of the valley is terminated by the glacier *de Bagnes*, which forms a singular contrast with the wild forests and rich pasturages. It is from this glacier that the Rhone takes its source; groaning far beneath its mighty load of ices, it escapes with a hideous roar, foaming, angry, and impetuous.

The language of the upper part of this valley is mostly German, though the inhabitants pride themselves upon speaking French, Italian, and even Latin.

At *Siders* we left the *chaise-a-banc*

which we took from *Sion*, and mounting our mules again, entered a beautiful little valley clothed with the brightest verdure, and divided by groves, with large vine-yards above. Leaving the town of Leuck about a league to the right, we pursued a path up the mountains very steep, but diversified with superb scenery. At one time we discovered, in a dark gulph, between enormous rocks, the river *Dalle*, which descends from the baths; at another our view extended over the town and chateau of *Leuck*, which is as a key to the valley. The path we took was called the *chemin des galeries*, and by it we descended, suspended upon the perpendicular side of a precipice, having on our right a mountain with its meadows ranged in amphitheatre, on which was a small town built entirely of black wood, the uniformity of whose thickly stowed cabins was broken but by a lone church in the centre. A curious event happened at this spot not long since, according to our guide's account.

A young girl whose virtue was unjustly

suspected, mounted upon the summit of the precipice, said her prayers to the Madona, and plunged into the abyss; but the Holy Virgin sent her angels to her assistance, and she gently descended to the bottom safe and unhurt.

The convent of St. Bernard possesses considerable lands in this part of Le Valais, and we met several parties of pilgrims upon their pious journey thither. The good monks of St. Bernard regaled many thousands of Buonaparte's army, when he accomplished that wonderful passage of their mountain, to fight the battle of *Marengo* on the plains below.

The road appeared to lengthen as we proceeded, but our impatience was tempered by the fresh beauties which at every step opened to our view. The tufted woods, the rich groves, and the rocks of various form and hue, rose from the luxuriant clothing of the meadows.

Upon the narrow back of a green moun-

tain, which ran like a peninsula into the valley, bounded on three sides by precipices, stood a rural hamlet, from whence we perceived the village of the Baths: entering which soon afterwards, the first objects that met our eyes were fifteen stuffed wolves, suspended under the eaves of a house, whose occupier no doubt was the *grand-louvetier* of the canton.

Leuck is situated upon a little eminence which commands the valley, in the centre of a magnificent amphitheatre of meadows surrounded by rocks whose summits glitter with eternal snows. Upon this elevation the Baths enjoy the cheering rays of the sun, in summer, from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon; the rest of the valley is in shade, except at noon; and there are many parts where, from the first of December to the end of January, the sun does not cast one consoling ray, being intercepted by the enormity of the surrounding mountains.

The temperature of Leuck is that of Si-

beria. Often in the middle of July, when the mountain winds begin to blow, winter suddenly descends from *Mont Gemmi*, and covers the valley many feet deep in snow.

From the foot of the rocks in this most wild and savage spot, spring five sources of hot mineral waters, of different temperatures and virtues; the hottest is from 115° to 130° Fahrenheit, and highly sulphureous, having a strong smell, and tinging the earth red. In the month of May these waters become troubled, and of a muddy white colour. A wooden house in the village contains four baths, and there is another in a meadow at a little distance. The visitors are sometimes very numerous, and the accommodations very tolerable at the Auberge, which faces the road; from whence one of the most extraordinary scenes in nature presents itself. On the north and west you are enclosed by the stupendous heights of Mont Gemmi, with their snowy summits buried in the clouds; on the east by a lofty mountain clothed with pine forests, and crowned by

a diadem of ice; while the only visible entrance is towards the south, winding between the narrow rocks.

It is a singular property of these mineral waters that they revive faded plants, and preserve the freshness and vivid colours of the flowers which are submitted to the action of their vapours.

Before 1719 Leuck was a well-built town, but at that time a frightful avalange parted from Mont Gemmi, and buried the whole place beneath its immense volumes of snow, in which sixty persons perished.

They rebuilt many of the houses, and again the baths were frequented, but in 1758 a new avalange destroyed every thing; since which time most of the inhabitants abandon the place in winter, returning again when the danger is passed.

The superb scenery which we enjoyed, embosomed in these wild mountains, was

coloured and varied according to the accidents of light and shade: of an evening, the highest summits were embellished with the most beautiful colours, the ices were like burnished gold, and the rocks tinted with the softest hue of the rose; while dark shades enveloped the woods and forests.

Morning afforded us another spectacle; the ices were silvered, and the valley, which discovered itself by degrees, seemed to rise into its first birth.

This magic aspect inspired the most delicious emotions, and proved what influence exterior objects possess over our minds, and all the modifications of character.

The morning after our arrival we went to reconnoitre the stupendous pass of Mont Gemmi, over which our route lay to Berne. In our walk we encountered several beautiful cascades, and on the point of a rock near one of these romantic spots, sat a

young peasant playing on his *cornemuse*, the sweet air of the *Rânz** *des Vaches*. This simple little song awakens in the souls of the Swiss so keen a remembrance of their mountains, the asylums of their infancy, the happy scenes of their first joys, that it is forbidden to be played under pain of death, among those troops who are employed upon foreign service. Some mule drivers happened to be coming down the pass, but so high in the air that they were scarcely perceptible, and we trembled for their safety. A young Dutch traveller some years ago fell over a precipice at the height of more than three thousand feet without being killed. He wished to cross Mont Gemmi, but unfortunately took a path that overhung a glacier: the ascent was rapid, and so slippery that he fell over backwards, but fortunately, in that spot, the ices were united, and he continued rolling down the frozen snow into the bottom of the valley, where he lay the whole night senseless and bathed in his blood.

* See Appendix, 33.

The next morning the bergers perceived and brought him to the village, where by the charitable efforts of the *Curé* he was recovered.

One evening we visited the extraordinary pass which forms the only communication between the Baths and the village of *Albinen* on the heights above. A perpendicular rock 120 feet high is scaled by nine ladders, placed one above another, and supported only by the projecting crags. An Austrian general, whom curiosity had induced to ascend a short time before, was so alarmed by the awfulness of his situation when upon the seventh ladder, that he was obliged to be bound hand and foot to it, till assistance could be procured to take him down, when he was carried back insensible to the village. I was glad to find myself safe again at the bottom, yet we were told that the women of the country will go up and down with a dead calf upon their backs.

The superstition of the inhabitants of

the Alps is beyond all belief.* The following was mentioned to me as their creed by a very intelligent man with whom I conversed.

They believe that *genies* are material creatures, composed of the most pure of the elements, and the more subtle is the material, the greater power they possess; they distinguish them into two sorts: the superior, and the inferior; the first are celestial and aerial, the second aquatic and terrestrial.

The celestial or fire *genies*, composed of the purest elements, have more power all the rest; they possess a complete knowledge of the future, and reside in the stars of heaven.

The aerial or sylphs, occupy the spaces between us and the moon, possessing a thorough knowledge of the arts and sciences.

* See Appendix, 34.

The aquatic, called also *fées*, *nymphes*, or *sibylles*, dwell in the waters, and predict events. It was one of these spirits, that according to Pliny the younger predicted to *Caltius Rufus* that he should soon return to Rome. Obscure and unknown, he was walking under a portico at Carthage, when a woman of a figure and beauty more than human, appeared to him. "I am an African," said she, "and come to forewarn you of what is about to happen. You shall go to Rome; you shall fulfil a great commission, and become governor of this province, where you shall die." This actually took place: and when he landed at Carthage as its governor, the same figure appeared to him again.

The *sylvans*, *satyrs*, *farfadets*, *fallets* and other familiar spirits, inhabit the forests, the plains, the vallies, the mountains, and these sbuterraous caverns. Many of these *genies* are solely occupied in doing good: such was that of Socrates, the eagle of Pythagoras, the egerie of Numa Pompilius, &c. such also was the *genie* of the grand Duke Constantine, which he called *l'auteur*

de son salut, and which he always consulted upon the most important affairs. Covare, King of Norway was forewarned by his *genie* that there was a conspiracy against him. They place also in this rank of *genies*, the *vampires* of Bohemia, who in the night, suck the blood of the living, to infuse it into the bodies of the dead, which bodies are always found with fresh blood about the nose, mouth, and ears.

In several spots near Leuck we saw the sad monuments of the furious avalanges so frequent in this country. In 1759, one of these masses of snow carried away in two minutes, twenty-seven houses, and buried ninety-seven people.

Here, and in all the Alpine vallies, they make excellent cheese;* and the annual exportation of this article alone from Switzerland amounts, we are told, to fifteen millions of francs. Among the Valaisans there is a singular custom of making a cheese

* See Appendix, 35.

with peculiar care, upon each remarkable event which takes place in a family, such as a marriage, or the birth of a child. Upon the occasion of a marriage, they put the date of the nuptials, and the husband's name and age upon it, and it is never produced but upon very particular occasions. When any one dies, they bury with him three flasks of wine, and the grave is kept carefully weeded, and planted with shrubs and flowers from generation to generation.

"Crescent illæ; crescentes amores."

After having passed some days among the delicious retreats of the Baths of Leuck, one morning, when

"Ancor dubbia l'aurora, ed immaturo
"Nell' oriente il parto era del giorno,"

we mounted our mules, and set out for the arduous ascent of Mont Gemmi*. In half an hour we arrived at the foot of its stupendous rocks, and environed by the

* See Appendix, 36.

still silence of death, mounted through galleries suspended in the air, over dark abysses whose depth the eye scarce dares to measure. The noise of our steps, repeated by the echoes, and increased by the imagination, added to the feelings of terror which already assailed us. Like the ladder in Jacob's vision, it touched the heavens and finished not. At each step the valley below grew fainter, the hills and rocks in it were soon lost in a confused plain, and new objects struck us with awe and admiration. Prodigious drifts of snow spread in boundless extent all around us into the clouds; and the diversities of light contrasted with the grand masses of shade, rendered the aspect magnificent indeed. The *couches* of the atmosphere varied in an extraordinary degree. In advancing, every object appeared to us with the greatest clearness and the most extreme precision, while those which we had left seemed to sink behind a nebulous veil.

At length we arrived amidst wild rocks, the very image of desolation and chaos,

where we looked down upon the valley 7600 feet below us!

> "How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low,
> "The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
> "Shew scarce so gross as beetles."

Each of us, silent as the Greeks when they entered the temple of Jupiter, thought ourselves entering into the temple of Nature.

We walked over crumbling rocks lying in colossal fragments one upon another,

> "With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
> "Confusion worse confounded;"

the enormous chasms between which were filled with beds of snow. In the midst of this savage wilderness, we discovered a large lake. The cold was excessive, and the snow fell fast around, although it was on the 22d of June. Amid these scenes of awful grandeur, is the hut of a *douanier*, who receives the customs between the

cantons of Berne and Le Valais: which habitation is considered to be at a higher elevation than any other in the three quarters of the globe. According to M. Saussure, the summit of Mont Gemmi is 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

We were here surrounded by a gang of ruffian-like fellows, who, upon pretence of collecting the customs, levied enormous contributions upon us, but from whom perhaps we were fortunate in escaping at all.

Keeping a sharp look-out upon our suspected guides, we began to descend, and leaving

"ces monts soureilleux
"Qui pressent les enfers et vont fondre les cieux,"

soon entered the woods, where lay the clouds infusing darkness and terror. Fortunately the waters of heaven remained

suspended in the air; we passed through the vapours, the sun by degrees pierced them, and inspired serenity and joy to the vallies below.

In the afternoon we reached *Kandel-stäg*, when, after confiding our rascally guides to the care of a police officer, we took a *chaise-a-banc*, and proceeded to *Frutigen*. The rocks which enclose this valley possess a most picturesque appearance, and are divided by many dark chasms, one of which conducts to the valley of *Castre*, a place separated from the rest of the world, and worthy of being the residence of Robinson Crusoe or Jean Jacques Rousseau. The whole space of this *gorge*, which is between two magnificent rocks, is occupied by a narrow path, and a mountain torrent; and its obscurity, the foam which rises from the roaring waters, added to the numerous cascades echoing on all sides, render it truly a place of horrors. Passing by this spot we presently entered a charming valley, where the numerous cabins, hanging on

the sides of the verdant mountains, and the luxuriant carpeting of the meadows, formed a strong contrast with the scenes we had just left. Although perfect strangers, we were invited to the chateau of M. Wurstenberger, under whose hospitable roof we passed the night. This little valley is the abode of peace; it is in this part of the globe that men are truly brothers:

> " Spesoo in poveri alberghi e in picciol tetti
> " Nelle calamitadi e ne' disagi
> " Meglio s'aggiongon d'amicizia i petti,
> " Che fra richezze invidiose ed agi."

There is scarcely a spot of ground, of the extent of half a dozen acres, but has a neat cabin in its centre, of which the inhabitant is sole proprietor, and there supports himself upon his own patrimonial estate.

> " The little land their fathers left,
> " Contents them, and is worth a monarchy."

No one is rich enough to buy his neighbour's property—no one so poor as to be obliged to sell his own. Among them a private misfortune becomes a general one; while amongst us *polished* nations, we seek our own individual interests, too often at the expense of others.

The inhabitants of this delicious country, far from the luxurious vices of towns, poor without wants, happy without vice, from their lofty *chalets* see storms form themselves at their feet, agitate nations, overthrow thrones, and ravage kingdoms *.

> "Suavi mari magno, turbantibus aquora ventis
> "E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborum."

But I must beg Lucretius's pardon. I trust that such is by no means the human heart.—Beholding a scene of misery,

* See Appendix, 37.

we do not stand to moralize upon it, but actually partake of the wretchedness, the dangers of the unfortunate; and to every soul of sensibility it is this feeling which renders the tears of sentiment so delicious.

> "There are woes
> "Ill bartered for the garishness of joy."

It is in these cantons that our politicians, and our legislators, ought to study the art of making their people happy. Hospitality and humanity characterize the inhabitants; to the practice of which, two causes powerfully conduce: the certainty of a sufficiency, and the frequent misfortunes which are caused by the storms, so prevalent in these regions.

> "Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

And this is the reason why humanity should be sought in the cottage, not in the palace. But it may be said, the rich often relieve the necessities of the indigent.—

Granted; but too often without sympathizing in their afflictions. Incapable of undergoing any privations, they merely suffer a very minute stream, that is useless to themselves, to flow through the grounds of their neighbours. The man truly humane and generous is he who is economical himself, that he may have sufficient to relieve the distresses of the necessitous.

The men here are athletic and robust, and the women possess a certain grace which their modesty renders still more touching. Their manners are sweet, and the care which they take of their children, of their husbands, and their aged parents, is dictated alone by nature. Both sexes extend their humanity and tenderness also to the animals which they protect; far from ill treating them they use them like their children. At an early age they endeavour to inspire this attachment to the dumb creation. One of my habitual reflections, when amongst these happy moun-

taineers, was, that if the sum of happiness is small upon earth, *they* enjoy a greater portion of it than do the inhabitants of the dissipated cities of London and Paris.

A peasant described to us his manner of living during the winter months *. "This season," said he, "lasts nearly eight months, all communication between our villages ceases, and we live solely upon the provisions which we have laid up during the summer. My family is composed of seven persons. My winter's provision consists of seven cheeses, each weighing about 25 lbs.; 108 lbs. of dried bread, twenty-five bushels of potatoes, each about 40 lbs.; seven goats and three cows, of which one is to be killed for food. During the long frosts, my family are all employed in some useful work. My wife and children spin and weave, while I sit over my fire and read to them †".

* See Appendix, 38. † See Appendix, 39.

" O! bien heureux celui qui peut de sa memoire
" Effacer pour jamais les vains desirs de gloire
" Dont l'inutile soin traverse nos plaisirs
" Et qui, retiré loin de la feule importune
" Vivant dans sa maison, content de sa fortune,
" A, selon son pouvoir, mesuré ses desirs * !"

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* See Appendix, 40.

CHAP. VIII.

THUN.

The hospitality of our kind host at the *Chateau de Frutigen*, the mildness of his character, the appearance of happiness and attachment in his family, the magnificence of the situation, and the beauty of one of the finest days in June, altogether formed an enchanting picture, which will never be effaced from my memory:—with regret we quitted so delightful a spot, and the same day reached *Thun*. This is one of the most beautiful towns in Switzerland; it is built at the foot of a mountain, on an island formed by the *Aar*, at a little distance from the place where it rushes from the lake. The church is raised considerably above the town, whose terrace affords an extensive view over the lake, of the winding Aar, and the surrounding mountains, some crowned with snow, and others embellished by the highest cultivation.

By the side of this lake is the famous cavern of *Saint-Beat*, who, ancient legends tell us, was an English Nobleman. He was baptized by St. Barnabie, who gave him the name of Beat: at forty years of age St. Pierre ordained him a priest, sent him to preach in Switzerland, and afterwards appointed him bishop of that country; he fulfilled his office in many of the cantons, but at last, tired of the wandering life, finished his days in this cavern.

The road which conducts from Thun to Berne is one of the most beautiful we travelled, and the soil, watered by the Aar, is the richest in the canton. Charming villages, chateaus embosomed in woods, and every variety of cultivated scenery embellished this beautiful ride.

Berne* is a considerable town, built in 1191, upon a peninsula which the Aar forms at this spot. The great church is of fine gothic architecture, with a lofty

* See Appendix, 41.

steeple, and a terrace raised an hundred and twenty feet, which is well planted, and has pavilions at each of the four angles. This forms the public promenade, the foot of which is washed by the river. The church was raised by collections made throughout all the christian states, for which the Pope granted indulgences. The public library, composed of an handsome suit of rooms, is enriched by many precious manuscripts, and the garments of Charles-le-Hardi, which were found in his tent.

The arsenal is one of the largest in Switzerland, where, among a numerous collection of curiosities, is shewn the statue of William Tell*. The Hospital is a neat well aired stone building, enclosing a garden in its centre. Few towns can be compared to Berne with respect to cleanliness: the principal street is about half a league in length, wide, and enclosed by

* See Appendix, 42.

good stone houses, with a stream of fresh water flowing down its centre, and on each side are piazzas, covering the shops.

The women of Berne are pretty, and their dress, though singular, is not unbecoming.

After passing a few days here, during which we were greatly indebted to the assiduous attentions of M. Graffenreid de Burgenstein, we proceeded on towards Zurich, sleeping the first night at *Herzogenbuchsee*, a little straggling village by the road side, and the next morning passed through a rich cultivated country, where only the distant view of the glaciers, and the costume of the peasants reminded us of being out of England. The roads were excellent, the hay harvest cast its delicious perfume around, and the rich waving crops of corn, intermixed with the bright verdure of the vineyards, afforded a strong contrast with the well remembered wild scenes of the Alps.

Above the sweet little village of *Lenzburgh*, stands upon an isolated barren rock, which rises from the mountain's summit, a large chateau, formerly the residence of the barons of that name, but which has now been uninhabited for many years, and is falling rapidly into decay. The ascent to the rock on which it stands is very steep, and at the foot of it where it rises from the mountain is the old gate-way, through the decayed portals of which we passed, and winding up a flight of steps came to the second gate: we knocked, and an old woman, who is the sole guardian of the chateau, appeared. She admitted us on to the terrace, which, with all the interior of the building, is in ruins, but under the shade of a double row of chestnut trees it commanded a beautiful view of the far distant mountains and glaciers; a small portal led into the old flower garden, now overgrown with the wild rose and ivy. In the court-yard is a well reaching down through the rock to the depth of three hundred feet. We went into the interior of the building, the rooms were

clothed only with thick cobwebs, and the massy black beams, and inlaid oaken floors, gave it a dismal aspect. Our conductress stopped at the barred door of a chamber, and with signs bade us peep through a crevice, where we saw an emaciated old man seated upon some straw apparently in a deep reverie—but with all our ingenuity we were unable to discover from the old lady who he was, or why he was thus confined; afterwards we heard that he was an old Italian, who was deranged and had been here many years. Under the great court-yard the rocks were excavated and formed into dungeons, but the damp air prevented us entering far into them.

This chateau put into repair, which might be done in this country at but little expence, would be a delightful retirement for one who could enjoy some of the finest scenery which nature affords—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

and who had the domestic comforts of a

family fire-side to enliven the drear winter's evening, and drown the rude blasts which whistle over the forests of pine beneath. The whole place, with the adjacent vineyards which clothe the mountain's side, was to be sold for less than £400.

The country acquired fresh beauties as we approached *Baden*: before we reached which, and a little to the left of the road, stand the ruins of the ancient castle of Habspourg*, from whence the present family of Austria derive their origin.

At Baden we passed a night: the situation of this little town is very picturesque, it is built upon the *Limmat*, over which there is a covered bridge, and possesses some hot mineral springs. These baths are mentioned by Tacitus, and the extent of the subterraneous walls, aqueducts, and other old buildings which are daily discovered in the vicinity, prove it to have been once a place of considerable extent.

* See Appendix, 43.

On the rock above is the ruin of an old fortress, destroyed during the civil wars in 1712.*

We passed through a fine enclosed country to *Zurich*, which is situated upon the spot where the Limmat flows from the lake. A little above it, the *Sihl* joins the *Limmat*, and these two rivers divide a great part of the town into islands. In magnitude it is the largest town in Switzerland after Basle, which is chiefly owing to the beauty of its situation, for it is a common saying, "*Si Dieu veut du bien a un Suisse, il lui donne une maison dans Zurich.*" According to old records, the following line was formerly engraved over the great gates of the town:

"Nobile Turegum multarum çopia rerum."

That it was an old Roman town of great antiquity, is proved by a tomb dug up some years ago, and which is still pre-

* See Appendix, 44.

served in the library, on which it is called Statio XL. Turicensis.

A beautiful wooded promenade extends from the spot where the two rivers join to the town, and in it is the tomb of Guessener.

This place is moreover celebrated as having been the residence of Lavater, whose son still lives in the same house which his father occupied. To this gentleman my fellow traveller had a letter of introduction *. Lavater's house was adorned with simplicity and neatness; his library was not large, but well stored with pictures; and he was continually studying a head of our Saviour by Carlo Dolce. His person was agreeable; his small eyes, black and full of fire; his fine nose, the soul of his physiognomy, disclosed the vivacity of his wit; his mouth, rather open than small, announced a heart noble and generous. His complexion, and the darkness of his

* See Appendix, 45.

hair, indicated a degree of melancholy; in short, according to his own rules, the combined expression of his countenance bespoke a soul sweet, sensible, and sentimental, in spite of a little coldness and reserve.

The lake of Zurich is about thirty miles long, and from two to four broad. We procured a gondola, and accompanied by a band of Tyrolese music, embarked one morning to view the beautiful shores of this water. Its echoes, the subject of wonder and admiration, gave an exquisite effect to Handel's celebrated water piece. The swelling of the music, the faint hum of the town floating along the azure waters, the shores covered with the brightest verdure of the vineyards, or the darker foliage of the groves which surrounded the numerous chateaus, and the whole backed by the immense chain of the distant Alps, and their dazzling glaciers, combined to afford sensations of the most exquisite delight.

With infinite regret I left Zurich, and saw the Alps recede from our view. The mist of evening obscured the snowy sides of *Iung-frou*, leaving only the summit visible, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, and in taking leave of that interesting country, those beautiful lines of Roucher forcibly struck me, where he describes the picture which Grindelwald presents.

> " Et comment embrasser ce mélange éclatant,
> " De verdure, de fleurs, de moissons ondoyantes,
> " De paisibles ruisseaux, de cascade bruyantes,
> " De fontaines, de lacs, de fleures, de torrens.
>
> ....
>
> " De terrains éboulés, de rocs mines par l'âge
> " Pendans sur des vallons, où le printemps fleurit,
> " Des côteaux escarpés, où l'automne sourit.
>
> " D'abîmes ténébreux, de cimes éclairées,
> " De neiges couronnant de brûlantes contrées
> " Et des glaciers enfin, vaste et solide mer,
> " Où règne, sur son trône, un éternel hiver."

We passed through Eglishau, a small town situated on the Rhine, over which is a covered suspended bridge, of curious

construction, but which are not uncommon in this country.

In the evening we reached *Schaffhouse*, the capital of the canton of that name. It is a large town, but contains little worthy of attention, or perhaps every thing else is lost in the wonders of the Falls which are about a league below it, where the whole body of the Rhine is precipitated from the height of 75 feet, with a roar so tremendous that it is often heard three leagues distant, and on a still summer's evening much farther: when near, it is perfectly stunning; so much so, that a pistol fired off close to the ear is unheard. This vast and beautiful cataract has many points of view; the quantity of water that falls, the different forms which it takes, and the awful thundering roar of its torrents, form one of the grandest spectacles in nature Viewed in front, it appears divided into three cascades, by two craggy rocks, which rise amidst the boiling waters, the motion of the torrents is prodigious, occasioned by their vast vo-

lume, the height of the Fall, and the inequality of the rocks which divide it. The waters shoot over, join themselves, separate, and change their form with such rapidity, that the eye cannot follow them. It is this magical effect that attaches one in a kind of ecstacy to these phenomena, which fatigue the ear while they confuse the brain. A froth rises from the foot of the cascade, a cloud of water so rarified, that it is carried away by the wind like dust, and shews rainbows of the most exquisite beauty. The rocks in the midst are of singular forms, small at bottom, larger above, and covered with wild shrubs.

To enjoy a full view of the waters, we crossed the river; a path descends from the chateau to the very foot of the cataract; where is constructed a little wooden gallery, from which you may actually touch the rushing floods; the rapidity with which they pass you here, the trembling of the gallery, and even of the very foundations of the rocks, added to the noise, and the strong current of air, strike the spec-

tator dumb with astonishment and admiration*.

The Romans possessed many fortresses upon the Rhine, and Lucian describes its troubled waters—

> Fregit & arctuo spumantur vertice Rhinum.
>
> Lib. 1, v. 370.

but in none of their traditions are these Falls mentioned. Neither Strabo nor Pliny, nor any of the ancient geographers, speak of them. In the life of St. Conrad, Bishop of Constance, who died in 976, they are first named, where he is declared to have seen, in an extraordinary vision, two birds hovering over the rocks of this cataract. It is therefore reasonably supposed that the Rhine once flowed through a different channel to that which it now occupies, into which it was turned by the slipping of a mountain just above the Fall; for at this point a valley commences which bears the evident traces of having once been the

* See Appendix, 46.

bed of a river, and meets its present course about seven leagues further down. Judging by the wearing and mouldering effect of the waters within observation, upon the isolated rocks which yet stem the bursting torrent, they must have been entirely worn down and carried away, had the river always taken its present course, besides these rocks bear every appearance of having once been joined in a connected mass. The Rhine, after undergoing this wonderful agitation, continues calmly meandering through a romantic country, between high rocks clothed with woods and vineyards.

In the evening we walked along its banks to a convent of Benedictine monks, founded in 778, and beautifully situated on an island in the river, near the ancient village of *Rheinau* *. This convent is richly endowed; the buildings are large, all of white stone, and curiously wrought; the great church especially is magnificent,

* See Appendix, 47.

both in size and structure, and contains, among a multitude of paintings, some of considerable merit. A large organ occupies the western extremity, and another smaller, is in the choir. The grand altar exceeds in splendour that of any cathedral I ever saw; and all the lesser ones are superbly adorned. After passing the evening with these benevolent monks, the *superieur* sent us home in his carriage.

CHAP. IX.

LAUFFENBERG.

M. DE *PEZAI*, in his Travels through Switzerland, complains bitterly of the impositions of his host at the *Trois Rois* at *Basle:* but he certainly had not then visited the present landlord of the *Coronne* at *Schaffhouse*. A serious contest was the consequence of this man's exorbitant demands, and we left him in the hands of the police.

Quitting Schaffhouse, we passed between the Rhine and the Black Forest, to *Lauffenberg*, where we stopped for the night. Several ponderous ruins crowned the hills on our left, and the dark impervious foliage of the woods rendered our ride delightful.

This is the remains of the vast forest which Tacitus describes as spreading over the whole extent of Germany; it is still of great magnitude, and in many parts prettily interspersed with villages, and broken by mountains, abounding in game of all sorts, more especially wild boars and wolves. Following the course of the Rhine, we arrived at Basle in the evening of the second day.

Passing through the lower town we crossed the river by a bridge six hundred feet long, and stopped at the *Cygogne*, where we met with tolerable accommodations. The town hall is adorned with some of the old works of Holbein: and in the cathedral, among other monuments, are those of Erasmus, and the Emperor Rodolphe de Habsbourg. In the convent of Dominicans was formerly the famous *Dans des Morts*, painted by Holbein; and in the arsenal is the statue of the Roman general Munatius Plancus.

The road from Basle to Strasburgh is a

perfect flat, though the distance is bounded on all sides by mountains, and we only encountered one town of any consequence, New Brisac, which, though small, is very strongly fortified. The tower of the cathedral at Strasburgh is of the finest and most perfect Gothic architecture, 497 French feet in height, and of such light construction, that it resembles net-work more than stone.

The Cathedral at Spire is in ruins, and used as a military magazine: between this place and Worms we left, about a league to our right on the opposite bank of the Rhine, the commanding old town of Manheim.

At Worms, while the horses were changing, we walked up to the cathedral, a very small part of which is Gothic, but the interior contains some curious antiquities, among which is a representation of Daniel in the Lion's Den, in one of the chapels: the architrave of the southern portal is curiously wrought.

We passed through the little town of *Oppenheim*, and from thence through a fine champaign country, by the side of the river to Mayence. The Emperor Alexander was hourly expected to arrive there on his way from England, and all was bustle and preparation. This city, finely situated on the Rhine, which is crossed by a bridge of boats, is built in an irregular manner, and plentifully provided with churches. The cathedral is a gloomy fabric, now made use of as a military storehouse.

It was taken by the French in 1792, who greatly strengthened the fortifications, and placed so strong a garrison in it, that the following year it stood a long siege against the King of Prussia, to whom however it at last surrendered on the 23d of July, 1793. Here Napoleon first considered himself in safety after his defeat at Leipzic. Mentz is one of the towns which claim the invention of printing.

From hence we procured a boat, and

passed down the Rhine, winding through a flat country covered with vines, and near the famed vineyard of *Hockeimer*, which gives name to the wine called *Hock*.

We dined at Bingen, an ancient Roman town on the left bank, and opposite to the majestic ruins of the *Chateau de Rudesheim* *.

The country here begins to assume a wilder aspect; the river, which was of great breadth, suddenly contracts, and impetuously enters the broken mountains, and close rocks, losing itself among the forests which clothe the mountain of Rudesheim: its waters wash the perpendicular corners of the rocks, and every moment varies the enchanting scene.

We soon entered the famed *Valley of Nahe*, where, among the woods in commanding situations, stand the ponderous

* See Appendix, 48.

ruins of the Chateaus de *Irvenfeld* and *Bacharach*.

The vineyards hereabouts are said to be of a very superior quality, so much so, that we are told the Romans were supplied with their choicest wines from hence. Ruins, rendered almost inaccessible by the mouldering of the rocks, are scattered in every direction; we left the village of *Caub* upon the right bank, where the river forms apparently a large lake, washing the perpendicular sides of the precipices all around; and on a small island opposite to the village is the *Chateau de Pfabsburg*, swimming like a ship of war upon the troubled waters; it is attainable only by a ladder, and was built for the security of the Countesses Palatine, during the bloody wars between the lords of the adjoining castles; under it are dungeons for state prisoners, hollowed out in the rock beneath the river. The owners of all these castles formerly lived by the plunder of the country, and of each other, while the proximity of the Rhine enriched their stores.

Another quick angle of the rocks opened to our view the remains of the *Chateau de Oberwesel*, and a little further were those of *Kaze*, or *La Souris*, which crown the heights above the old tower of *Sanscovert*, on the opposite side to which spread over the whole extent of an isolated rock, the ruins of the fortress of *Rheinfels*, destroyed by the French in 1795.

Presently we were beneath the massy turrets of *Maus*, beyond which an overhanging rock affords a most singular echo, and bears the vast ruins of *Bornhofen*, with a convent of capuchins immediately below it, founded, as the monks told us, upon the following occasion.

Two sisters inhabited a castle just by, the younger of whom was blind, and the other, taking advantage of it, deceived her by emptying her measures of money, then inverting them she placed a single layer of coin on the bottom of each. This trick was long undiscovered, but at length the whole transaction came to light, punish-

ment ensued, and the younger sister obtaining the property founded the monastery, and endowed it with the money of her disgraced sister, that daily prayers might be said for the repose of her spirit, which efficacious ceremony is still preserved.

A league beyond this we passed by *Bopport*, a little village beautifully situated on the left bank with a convent of nuns above it; the river runs strong between the narrow rocks, which, in many places, are feathered with tufted foliage to the water's-edge, and then suddenly opens into a large enclosed valley, terminated by a distant view of *Oberlahnstein*. On the left is the little village of *Rense*, with its old decayed tower; and above it the castle of *Marbury*, on a steep bare rock.

The Prince of Nassau has a chateau here, and near it, where the river *Lahn* joins the Rhine, are the remains of two other castles. A ruined monastery stands on the spot where the waters meet.

The right bank here breaks into the plains, but the left is still enclosed by steep broken mountains, clothed with forests which abound in wild boars. From this point we first gained a view of the distant spires of *Coblentz;* on the other side of the river, and upon the summit of what appears an inaccessible rock, stands the formidable ruin of the ancient fortress of *Ehrenbreitstein.* This was a fortification in the time of the Emperor Julien, and there is in it a well cut by the Romans to the depth of 280 feet, through the rock to the bed of the river. The French destroyers blew up this fortress, after the peace of Lunéville, to curb the power of Germany upon the Rhine.

Arriving late, and embarking early in the morning, I saw but little of the town of Coblentz, which appeared large and well built. On turning our backs upon it, a vast panorama appeared before us, while behind, the town with its mountains, and the sinuosities of the river, afforded a lovely scene. Soon we perceived the delightful little island of

Niederworth, in which the spires of a convent pierced through the thick foliage of the lofty elms.

From Engers the bed of the river enlarges, and we approached the *Tour Blanche*, where they say that the Romans effected their first passage of the Rhine. Above the town, on an eminence, is seen the monument of the brave De Hoche. On the right bank, in a plain, around which the mountains form an amphitheatre, is the town of *Neuwied*, to which the Prince Alexander de Neuwied, by his tolerating all sects of religion, has attracted vast numbers; and near it have lately been discovered the remains of two Roman fortresses or towns, buried in the earth. I took a boat and landed to see them: the ground has been opened, and descending into the ruins I found several workmen employed by the Prince, who daily discover some Roman relic. I picked up the head of a spear, and they were then uncovering a small silver statue, supposed to be that of the tutelar deity of the place. The other

ruins are thought to have been a town built by the Germans before the invasion. At a little distance, there is a Roman road-way, and a wall, but the most curious and best preserved is a bath and its aqueducts, with this inscription:

Leg. VIII. aug. Leg. XXI. Leg. XXII.
Coh. IV. Vindel.

In these baths were the statues of a *Victoria gradiens*, a *Diana venatrix*, a Mercury, and another, all tolerably well preserved; many pieces of money are found bearing date from the reign of *Tiberius* to that of *Gallien*. These remains of antiquity were accidentally discovered in 1791, since which time every day brings fresh ones to light. A large collection is preserved in the palace of the Prince, which I was obligingly shewn by an old military antiquarian.

Above Neuwied is *Montrepos*, another of the Prince's palaces, situated beautifully

upon a mountain, and buried in an extensive forest.

From hence I proceeded to *Andernach*, where the banks of the river are savagely romantic, and inspire an impression of melancholy which is not lessened by a view of the old ruins of *St. Thomas*, a convent of nuns destroyed many years ago in the wars. This abbey was built in the twelfth century, and had for its abbess the Countess Tenwide de Sponheim.

Andernach was a frontier place of the Romans, under the name of *Artonacum*. Here we saw two large floats of timber on their way to Holland, each from 7 to 800 feet in length, and about 80 broad, containing at least twenty habitations

We passed the village of *Oberhammerstein* at the foot of a mountain: this was formerly a strong fort which the Emperor Henry II. took and destroyed, with its chateau in 1020. A little further is *Nei-*

derhammarstein, backed by a high black rock formed entirely of basalt, with the *Chateau de Rheineck*, the ruins of *Argenfels*, and numerous others.

The next town, *Senzig*, the *Sentiacum* of the Romans, was a fort built in the reign of Augustus: ancient tradition speaks of it as the place where the battle between Constantine and Maxence was fought, when the former saw a cross in the heavens promising him the victory.

A little further are the ruins of *Olbruck*, and the town of *Linz*, where joins the river Aar, which rises in the deserts of *Eyfil*. Soon afterwards we passed the ruins of *Odenfels*: opposite to which, and on the *Chaussée* which extends by the side of the river from Bingen to Cologne, is situated the little village of *Remagen*, the *Rigomagus* of the Romans. Palatine Charles Theodore constructed this road, which has been since finished by Napoleon. Formerly a band of brigands possessed these caverns, and laid waste the adjacent coun-

try, but Theodore to destroy their haunts, blew up the rocks and upon them formed this beautiful road-way. Some of the caverns however were still left, and in 1808, a band of robbers becoming again very formidable in the neighbouring forests, Buonaparte sent some troops against them, and twenty-one were executed here.

Between this place and *Unkel* the bed of the river is full of the basaltic remains of some volcano which formerly no doubt existed here. These enormous chrystallizations shoot up through the troubled surface of the waters in many places, but many have of late been cleared away. From hence to the Seven mountains, the Rhine forms a basin in which are several islands, the principal of which contains a convent of nuns, and above it on the left bank are the dark melancholy walls of *Rolandseck*, a castle built by the famed Roland, nephew to Charlemagne, that he might be near the convent which contained the girl he adored. I landed at this convent, where I was hospitably received by

the old abbess. It was founded in 1120, and its fine gothic spires rise through the tufted foliage of the wood in which it is bedded, and hides all exterior objects from the eyes of its pious inhabitants, except the lofty peaks of the Seven mountains*, with the castle of *Drachenfels* which crowns the highest. I saw several of the nuns behind the grate, but through their thick veils could scarcely distinguish any features. While the abbess retired to vespers she sent from her library some old manuscript records of the convent, and the numerous castles situated thereabouts; and as they appertained to many I had seen, I read them with interest, and copied out the following, which relates to the mountain just by, called Drachenfels.

"Dans les temps les plus reculés vivait,
" sur cette montagne, dans une caverne,
" un dragon, auquel les habitans rendaient
" des honneurs divins, et auquel il sacri-
" fiaient des hommes. C'etaient ordinaire-

* See Appendix, 40.

"ment des prisonniers de guerre qu'on im-
"molait a ce monstre. Il se trouva un
"jour parmi les prisonniers une Demoi-
"selle d'une naissance illustre, que etait
"chretienne. Elle etait très-belle, et deux
"chefs se disputaient sa possession par
"les armes. Les plus ancient de la
"nation deciderent qu'elle serait livrée au
"dragon, pour prevenir la disunion qui
"allait se mettre parmi eux. Cette jeune
"fille toute vêtue de blanc et couronné
"de fleurs fut donc conduite sur la mon-
"tagne et attachée à un arbre peu eloigné
"de la caverne du monstre et pres duquel
"on avait placé une pierre pour servir
"d'autel. Le peuple s'etait rassamblé à
"quelque distance de l'endroit pour être
"temoin du spectacle il n'y eut personne
"qui ne s'attendrit sur le sort de cette in-
"fortunée. Elle seule etait tranquille et
"regardait le ciel avec une pieuse résig-
"nation."

"Le Soleil commençait déjà à paraître
"derriere la montagne, et getait ses pre-
"miers rayons sur l'entrée de la caverne.

" Le monstre ailé ne tarde pas à paraître et
" à s'élancer vers l'endroit ou il était ac-
" coutumé à trouver sa proie. La jeune
" fille ne s'effraye point, elle tire de son
" sein une Croix avec l'image de Sauveur,
" et le présente au dragon.

" Celui ci recule en tremblant, et se
" précipite avec des sifflements horribles
" au fond du bois voisin sans jamais re-
" paraitre.

" Le Peuple émerveille de ce miracle,
" accourt pour délivrer la jeune fille et
" porte des yeux étonnés sur la petite
" croix ; la vierge leur donne l'explication,
" tous tombent a genoux, la prient de re-
" tourner chez elle, et de leur envoyer un
" prêtre pour les instruire et les baptiser.
" C'est ainsi que la religion chrétienne
" prit naissance dans la contrée et qu'on
" bâtit une Chapelle dans l'endroit où avait
" été l'autel du dragon."

The other, which is the story of Roland and the beautiful nun, who caused his seclusion

in the neighbouring castle, is at great length, but simply this :

"Roland, nephew to Charlemagne, went "one day by accident to the chateau of "Drachenfels, and asked permission to pass "the night; he was received with cordia-"lity by the *Seigneur*, whose young and "beautiful daughter with innocent simpli-"city served him with bread and wine.

"Roland lost his heart at first sight; "the next morning when he was hesitating "to depart, his host demanded his name; "the gallantry and loyalty of Roland had "made him celebrated in the songs of the "times, yet he blushed as if he had been "ashamed of telling it. The old cheva-"lier was overjoyed when he discovered "the dignity of his guest, and begged him to "defer his departure till the next day. The "modest Hildegarde spoke not, but her "countenance and attentions expressed the "sentiments of her heart: it was all that "Roland wished, and he sought an op-"portunity to speak of his love. Finding her

" in the garden of the Chateau surrounded
" by a thousand delicious shrubs and
" flowers, with several tame birds playing
" around her, he approached with more
" fear than when he had faced his bravest
" enemies, and in vain strove to begin the
" conversation, till the roses, which dyed
" the cheeks of his beautiful companion,
" revealed the favourable sentiments of her
" heart. He declared his love, he seized
" her hand and pressed it to his lips, their
" eyes met, sparkled and grew dim. They
" felt each others breasts throb with fervent
" emotion as they were joined in an em-
" brace, chaste and sacred as the first loves
" of innocent hearts; but that innocence
" was about to be lost, and in a fatal mo-
" ment the union was concluded without
" ceremony, without promise,—but for
" ever.

" When Roland departed, their adieus
" were silent and solemn, as the last farewell
" over the tomb of a friend.

" Hildegarde could not weep, she re-

"mained immoveable as long as the white
"plume of Roland was visible, when she
"became insensible to all around; a me-
"lancholy presentiment overcame her, her
"tranquillity was gone for ever. 'I will
"conceal myself in the convent below,'
"said she, as she passed the little altar in
"her private chapel, 'and there remain till
"he returns to make me his bride; I will
"pray for him, I will pray for myself that
"heaven may one day ratify our vows,'
"such *were* her prayers; happiness she
"never knew, but she was tranquil and re-
"signed.

"The chateau of her father was soon
"after besieged by the neighbouring barons,
"she hoped that Roland would return in
"time to deliver it; and sending an ex-
"press to him received for answer, that he
"was on the road to her assistance.

"The next day he approached with a
"numerous body of men, and all fell before
"him.

" The old Drachenfels at the same mo-
" ment made a sortie from his Chateau,
" night shrouded the combatants, friends
" and enemies were confounded in the
" tumult, and the father of Hildegarde
" fell under the hand of the unhappy Ro-
" land.

" Too late he discovered the fatal ca-
" tastrophe by the cries of the inhabitants
" of the chateau, who came in crowds
" towards the spot.

" Roland remained the sole conqueror,
" but before him was stretched upon the
" earth the father of his dear Hildegarde
" murdered by his hand and covered with
" blood. At this instant she herself ar-
" rived with torches, with mad attention
" she fixed her agonized eyes upon her
" father's corpse, kneeled beside it, and
" pressed the blood stained hand to her lips.
" ' This murder is not on your head,' said
" she, ' but it must cause us an eternal
" separation. He will pardon you, his
" blessed spirit pardons you at this instant,

" and pleads your exculpation at the great
" throne of Heaven; but the hand which
" is dyed with a father's blood must not be
" united to mine, it is the will of Heaven
" and we must be resigned to it. I will enter
" the convent below, and if you have the
" courage to love me merely for my vir-
" tues, we may meet in another and a hap-
" pier world.'

" Roland perceived her resolution to be
" fixed, and adored the celestial character
" of the lovely Hildegarde; they separated
" as never lovers had separated before.

" Hildegarde took the veil in the con-
" vent of the Isle of the Rhine, and Ro-
" land built a chateau upon the opposite
" mountain. He passed whole days at
" the window which overlooked the river;
" in the morning when the convent bell be-
" low sounded for matins, he listened to
" the hymns of the sisters, and imagined
" that he distinguished the voice of the
" lovely object of his thoughts. In the
" night, when he perceived a taper glim-

"mering in a window of the convent, he
"cried, 'There is the angel who is yet
"offering up her prayers for me.'

"About two years afterwards, one
"gloomy morning in September, he thought
"he saw them preparing a grave in the
"cemetery of the convent; a wretched
"presentiment threw him into a tumult of
"emotions. He sent instantly, and found
"that his adored Hildegarde had died in
"the night; he saw her descend into the
"grave, and heard in the floating breezes
"the fatal requiem, that terrible adieu, from
"the living to the dead.

"He beheld another spring raise the
"flowers upon his dark mountain, but the
"next they flourished upon his grave."

Scarcely had I finished when the abbess
reappeared, and refreshments were brought
by an unveiled nun, whose countenance
by no means accorded with the idea that
I had formed of Hildegarde; she was every

thing that can be imagined sour and disagreeable; however, I accepted her fruit and wine, and then recollected that no boat was waiting for me, and that, if there had been, it was impossible to overtake the passage boat again. The good abbess sent me in her's to a Capuchin convent near by, where she told me I could sleep, and this arranged, I promised to return next morning to take leave of the good sisterhood. In fact, I wished to visit the two castles on the adjoining rocks.

With the greatest difficulty I ascended Drachenfels, which is the highest of the Seven mountains, having no guide, and the crumbling rocks, rendering the ruins almost inaccessible. But little of them remain except a tower, and some subterraneous works overgrown with shrubs. I thought I could trace the garden which the tradition speaks of, but ivy and dank woods possessed its once beautiful walks; and the only inhabitant of the whole domain, seemed to be an unfortunate owl, which I

disturbed in attempting to gain the top of the tower. Having thus satisfied my curiosity here, I descended and crossed the river to the convent, which is at the foot of the rock, on which stand the ponderous ruins of Rolandsech. It was too late to ascend to them, and the kind monks brought me some refreshments with which I was contented to stay. As an Englishman, they treated me with every attention, and even gave me a tolerable bed, though in a miserable dark damp cell, where a skull and crucifix over the pallet, and a Bible and lamp beside it, formed the entire furniture.

The deep grated window looked upon the Rhine below, the faint murmuring of whose waters scarcely broke the death-like silence.

" It was the night—the river's glassy stream
" Bright stars were studding, each with silver'd beam ;
" So calm, the waters scarcely seemed to stray,
" And yet they glide like happiness away.

"Reflecting far and fairy-like from high,
"The eternal lights that live along the sky.
"All was so still, so soft in earth and air,
"You scarce would start to meet a spirit there,
"Secure that nought of evil could delight
"To walk in such a scene on such a night."

Presently I was awakened by the footsteps of the monks echoing along the stone-paved passages, as they went to their midnight devotions; I arose and followed them; the moon

"Unveiled her peerless light,
"And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

I found my way to the chapel gate, from whence issued a blaze of light; the pealing organ swelled in full chorus, echoing through the vaulted passages; and the still time of midnight added not a little to the impressions which the awful scene left upon my mind. After listening till the cold chill air reminded me of my pallet, I retired to my cell, where the mellowed tones

of the distant chaunt, soon lulled me to sleep again.

" E poso fin ch'un nembo rosso e bianco
" Di fiori sparse le contrade liete
" Del lucido oriente dogni intorno ;
" Ed indi uscì dell' aureo albergho il giorno."

Nothing is so refreshing after the darkness of a melancholy night, as the cheering aspect of a beautiful morning. Wondering at myself in so strange a situation, I arose as soon as the sun was up, but not before the refectory was crowded with the good fathers, among whom I breakfasted; and taking leave of them with a piece of gold " pour l'amour de Dieu," I began the steep ascent, and soon gained the ivy-mantled walls of Rolandsech, where nothing remains but the tower which overlooks the convent below, and the gallery which once wound round the interior of the old hall; they were overgrown with low thick shrubs, which rendered them difficult of access. In the rock below, there was a cavern, which seemed to ascend into some

concealed part of the building, but I could not follow it far for want of light.

> "Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,
> "Scrupia."

The wall of the tower is partly double, and once concealed a staircase, which is now exposed, and leads to the second room above, on the window of which is rudely marked in the stone, the names "Roland and Hildegarde." The whole building appears to have been formed with basalt, which constitutes the mass of almost all the mountains hereabouts. By the assistance of the monks' boat I again reached the good sisters of L'Ile du Rhin, where the Abbess shewed me the tomb of Hildegarde, but refused to favour me with a sight of the living objects of my curiosity within her walls. I passed the morning in the delightful garden of the convent, and after dinner procured a boat to take me to *Bonn*. As I quitted the island they were going to vespers, and the evening being serene and tranquil, for a length of time I heard the

full toned organ, accompanied by the sweet voices of the nuns in full chorus, which floated over the waters and faintly died away, lost in the evening breeze. It was a scene of enchantment I can never forget *.

* See Appendix, 50.

CHAP. X.

THE RHINE.

Bonne is a considerable town on the left bank of the river, strongly fortified, and in a commanding situation. In the cathedral is one of the finest statues in bronze that I have ever seen, that of *St. Helène.* A benedictine,

> **E grasso, e rubicondo**
> **Che sembia un cherubin del paradiso;**

pointed out in a glass case over one of the altars a figure apparently of wax, which, he said, a huntsman in the neighbourhood had a short time before found in a hedge, and brought to them; it was placed in its present situation, and the next morning it disappeared, and was found again in the hedge; this nightly promenade it took several times, till at last they determined to burn

it for a witch; but the fire had no effect, and it was again confined in its present situation, where he affirmed, that every evening, at a particular time, it expresses some sign of grief.

I asked him if Napoleon had ever paid them a visit? "*Deo si guardi! e un anticristo,*" cried he in Italian, at the same time devoutly crossing himself.

In the church of *St. Remi* is a beautiful painting by *Jean Speilburg*, representing Clovis, king of France, baptized by St. Remi: this church was formerly a temple of the Romans, and many relics of Roman architecture are here to be seen.

Late at night we reached *Cologne*, which is a large handsome town on the western bank of the Rhine, fortified in the ancient manner with strong walls, flanked with eighty-three large towers, and surrounded by three ditches. This place one possessed thirty-seven monasteries, and three hundred and sixty-five chapels and churches.

In the largest, called the *Dôme*, and which is enriched by a vast quantity of painted glass, is shewn the chapel which contains the bodies of the *three magi*, called the Three Kings. The case which holds their ashes, with those of the martyrs *Felix*, *Nabor*, and *Gregoire de Spolete*, is eight feet long and four broad, made throughout of the purest embossed gold. The numerous little figures and columns are of exquisite workmanship, and the whole contains 900 precious stones, besides pearls, and 226 of the choicest antiques. The diamonds and topazes are of the largest size, especially seven of the latter. In the front is an aperture, where you see the three heads crowned with three gold tiaras, and thick set with precious stones. Their names are written beneath, in garnets. Frederic I. having taken Milan, gave these bones to the Bishop of Cologne, Regnaud, who placed them here; and it is said, that such another collection of precious stones is scarcely to be seen in Europe.

Many curious mausoleums adorn the interior of this cathedral, which is of exquisite structure, though left in a very unfinished state. The church of *St. Gereon* is one of the finest in Cologne, and his saintship here lies interred, surrounded by all his soldiers, whose heads are exposed to view." Beneath are caverns, which communicate with the convent of *St. Ursula*, about a quarter of a mile distant: over an altar in one of the chapels is a representation of St. Denis, with his head under his arm, running from his pursuers.

The church of St. Ursula is curious from its containing the remains of the 11,000 virgins who accompanied that saint from England, and here suffered martyrdom. The heads of these rare ladies are literally all exposed to view in glass cases, ranged around the interior of the church, each skull neatly wrapped up in a piece of embroidered silk; the walls are double, and contain the rest of their bones. In a chamber, which they call *la chambre d'or*, are a multitude

of silver busts, each of which holds the skull of the sainted virgin whom it represents, and, among others, that of *St. Ursula* herself, with the ring which was found upon her finger in the tomb. Their history is contained in the pictures which surround the choir.

The church, formerly the convent, of *St. Marie*, is remarkable as having been the place where the unfortunate *Mary de Medicis*, after having been driven from France, terminated her days in misery: behind the grate are some good paintings, and they say that *Plectrude*, the wife of Pepin, who founded the convent, is here interred.

The situation of Cologne, with its antiquities and numerous curiosities, renders it a most interesting *sejour* for a few days.

From thence I took my place in the diligence to *Aix-la-Chapelle*, where I arrived next morning, passing through the strong little fortification of *Juliers*. The ancient

dome around which the cathedral is built, and which was formerly the chapel of Charlemagne, gives name to this beautiful watering-place, and in the extensive forest above the town, where the hot springs rise, are the ruins of several chateaus, which that emperor used to resort to for hunting. Our road lay through this forest to *Liege*, which is a large, dirty town, well situated against a steep hill.

From Liege I passed again through *Brussels* to *Ghent*, and from thence through the highly cultivated country of *Brabant* to *Bruges* and *Ostend*.

" And now my task is smoothly done,
" I can walk or I can run
" Quickly to the green earth's end,
" Where the bow'd welkin low doth bend,
" And from thence can soar as soon
" To the corners of the moon."

THE ROUTE,

WITH THE

DISTANCES ACCURATELY LAID DOWN

BETWEEN

EACH TOWN.

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Auxonne	$3\frac{3}{4}$	63
Dôle	2	64
Poligny	$4\frac{3}{4}$	
Champagnole	$2\frac{1}{2}$	
Maisonneuve (Jura)	$1\frac{1}{2}$	
Saint-Laurent	$1\frac{1}{2}$	
Morez	$1\frac{1}{2}$	65
Rousses	$1\frac{1}{2}$	
Vattay	$1\frac{1}{4}$	
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Nangi	2	
Contamine	¾	
Bonneville	2	97
Wangi	1½	
Siongi	1	
Cluse	1	98
à l'antre de Balme	⅞	
Maglan	⅝	99
Cascade d'Arpenas	1	
St. Martin	½	
Salanche	¼	100
Chêde	1	
Nant noir	¾	
Servos	½	
Bouchet	¼	
Pont de l'Arve	1¾	101
Chaumoni	½	102
Argentierre	2	126
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Trient	3¼	134
Martigny	2½	135
Ridda	2½	
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Frutigen	¾	158
Rüdlen	1	
Müllinen	½	
Thun	2½	165
Heimberg	¾	
Kisen	1	
Wichtracht	1	
Münsigen	¾	
Rubigen	½	
Allmedingen	½	
Muri	½	
BERNE	1	166
Papier-Mühl	½	
Hindelbanck	2	
Kilchberg	1¼	
Oeschberg	1⅛	
Herzogenbuchsee	1¾	168
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Kalte Herberg	1	
Murgenthal	¾	
Rotherist	1¾	
Saftenweil	1¾	
Kölliken	1	

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	ZURICH	4	174
	Eglisau	5	176
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	Newhaus	2	
	Erzingen	1½	
	Lauchingen	1½	
	Thiengen	1	
	Waldshut	2	
	Lauffenberg	2¾	181
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	Mumpf	¼	
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	Gros-Kemps	1½	
	Bantzenheim	2	
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	New Brisach	1½	
	Marckolsheim	2	
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FRENCH POSTS

	Distances.	Page.
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Drusenheim	- 2	
Beinheim	- 2	
Lauterbourg	- 2	
Rhi[illegible]abern	- 2	
Gemersheim	- 2	
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Oggersheim	- 2[illegible]	
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MAYENCE	- 2[illegible]	184
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Bingen	- 1[illegible]	
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Saint-Goar	- 1[illegible]	
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Bonn	- $2\frac{1}{2}$	211
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Aix-la-Chapelle	- $3\frac{1}{4}$	215
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Liége	- $2\frac{1}{2}$	
Orey	- $2\frac{1}{4}$	
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	Distances.	Page.
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Brussels - -	- 1¾	
Assche - -	- 1½	
Alost - -	- 1½	
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APPENDIX.

APPENDIX, I

THE following account of the Moravian institution is extracted from the works of E. F. Lantier.

"La secte des Moravians a beaucoup
" de rapport avec celle des Dumplers.
" Elle habite le Moravian, pays très-agré-
" able situé à cinquante milles de Salis-
" bury, ville de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.
" Leur capitale est Bethania, située sur
" une petite rivière. Cette secte ou fra-
" ternité posside un terrain immense.
" Leur police, leur régime intérieur tient
" de la vie monastique. Tout y est en
" commun: les jeunes personnes des deux

" sexes sont élevies séparément; tout
" commerce, toute frequentation leur sont
" interdits jusqu'an temps du mariage.
" L'etat donne aux nouveaux époux une
" maison, une portion de terre, les instru-
" mens du labourage, les ustensils du mé-
" nage; et le produit de leur industrie se
" verse dans le magasin public. Dans
" l'enfance, on leur apprend à lire, à
" écrire, et la mécanique. L'uniformité
" et la singularité de leurs habillements,
" la longue barbe des hommes, qui de-
" scend jusqu'a la ceinture, leur donnent
" un air sauvage et hideux. Des l'âge le
" plus tendre, les enfans sont séparés de
" leurs parens et mis dans les écoles pub-
" liques, qui sont des espèces de sémi-
" naires; des ce moment, ils appartien-
" nent à la société; on leur inspire l'amour
" de la patrie, et on les accoutume à se re-
" garder comme des frères, et à éteindre
" ce sentiment paternel et filial qui at-
" tache les enfans et les pères: on pré-
" tend même que les pères ne peuvent
" jamais distinguer leurs enfans, et que
" les membres de cette société, princi-

"palement les chefs, jouissent de leurs
"femmes en commun. Cependant ils
"n'en conviennent pas. Ils ont de beaux
"établissemens dont ils tirent des farines,
"du beurre, et d'autres denrées qu'ils ex-
"portent; ils ont établi des manufactures
"très-lucratives: la principal est la poterie
"de terre, ouvrage dans lequel ils ex-
"cellent."

APPENDIX, 2.

THE Cossacks, who have been esteemed as little better than savages, possess feelings of gratitude and humanity which might disgrace the ferocious barbarity of the French, whom they so nobly spared within their own capital. The following occurrence took place just previous to the fall of Paris, at a retired village near *Châ-*

lons, where a party of Cossacks were quartered for the night.

Late in the evening, the daughters of Madame ——— were amusing themselves at the piano, when three Cossacks abruptly burst into the room, attracted by the music. The ladies, instead of being alarmed at the interruption, merely changed the air which they were playing to a Cossack waltz, which so delighted these sons of the Don, that they expressed their satisfaction by a thousand signs and gestures: presently one of them took out three pieces of gold and laid them upon the music-book, before Mademoiselle ———, who was playing, giving her to understand that it was a return for the pleasure she had afforded them. With infinite difficulty, and by the remonstrances of a Russian officer, who happened to be confined there by his wounds, they were prevailed upon to take back the money, and to leave the house. But the next morning, when the ladies came down,

they found three pots of roses upon the breakfast table, which these poor fellows had bought to prove their gratitude before they proceeded on their march.

APPENDIX, 3.

"Fils de Priam et prêtre d'Apol-
" lon, Laocoon, par amour pour sa patrie,
" s'était fortement opposé à l'entrée dans
" Troie du cheval de bois qui renfirmait
" les Grecs armés pour sa mine ; pour dis-
" siler les yeux de ses concitoyens, il
" evait même osé lançer un dard contre la
" fatale machine : irrités de sa témérite,
" les Diex ennemis de Troie resolurent de
" l'en punir. Un jour que sur le rivage
" de la mer, Laocoon, couronné de lau-
" rier, sacrifiait à Neptune, deux énormes
" serpens sortis des flots s'élancent tout-à-

" coup sur lui et sur ses deux enfans, qui
" l'accompagnaient à l'autel: en vain il
" lutte contre ces monstres; ils l'enve-
" loppent, se replient autour de son corps,
" enlacent ses membres, les serrent dans
" leurs nœuds, et les déchirent de leurs
" dents venimeuses: malgré les efforts
" qu'il fait pour se dégager, ce père infor-
" tuné, victime déplorable d'une injuste
" vengeance, tombe avec ses fils sur l'autel
" même du Dieu, et tournant vers le ciel
" des regards douloureux, il expire dans
" les plus cruelles angoisses. Tel est le
" pathétique sujet de cet admirable groupe
" l'un des plus parfait ouvrages qu'ait pro-
" duits le ciseau; chef-d'œuvre tout-à-fois
" de composition, de dessin, de senti-
" ment, et dont tout commentaire ne pour-
" rait qu'affaiblir l'impression.

" Il a été trouvé en 1506, sous le pontifi-
" cat de *Jules* 2, à Rome, sur le mont
" *Esquilin*, dans les ruines des palais de
" *Titus*, contigu à ses thermes. *Pline*,
" qui en parle avec admiration, l'avait vu

" dans ce même endroit. C'est à cet écri-
" vain que nous devons la connaissance des
" trois habiles sculpteurs rhodiens qui l'ont
" exécuté; ils s'appelaient *Agisandre*,
" *Polydore* et *Athénodore*. Agesandre
" était probablement le père des deux
" autres; ils florisaient au premier siècle
" de l'ère vulgaire. Le groupe est com-
" posé de cinq blocs si artistement ré-
" unis, que Pline l'acru d'un seul. Le
" bras droit du pere et deux bras des en-
" fans manquent: sans donte un jour
" on les exécutera en marbre; mais pro-
" visoirement on les a suppliés par des
" bras moulés sur le groupe en plâtre, re-
" stauré par *Girardon*, qui se voit dans
" la Salle de l'ecole de peinture."

Appendix, 4.

" Le fils de *Latone*, dans sa course
" rapide, vient d'atteindre le serpent *Py-*
" *thon*, déjà le trait mortel est decoché.
" Son arc redoutable est dans sa main
" gauche, il n'y a qu'un instant que la
" droite l'a quitté: tours ses membres con-
" servent encore le movement qu'il vient
" de leur imprimer. L'indignation siége
" sur ses lèvres; mais dans son regard est
" l'assurance de la victoire, et la satisfac-
" tion d'avoir délivré *Delphes* du monstre
" qui la désolait. Sa chevelure, légère-
" ment bouclée, flotte en longs anneaux
" autour de son col, ou se relève avec
" grâce sur le sommet de sa tête, qui est
" ceinte du *strophium*, ou bandeau carac-
" téristique des rois et des Dieux: une
" courroie suspend son carquois sur l'épaule
" droite; ses pieds sont chaussés de riches
" sandales. Sa chlamyde attachée sur
" l'épaule, et retroussée seulement sur le
" bras gauche, est rejetée en arrière, comme

" pour mieux laisser voir la majesté de ses
" formes divines. Une éternelle jeunesse
" est répandue sur tout ce beau corps;
" mélange sublime de noblesse et d'agilité,
" de vigueur et d'élégance, et qui tient un
" heureux milieu entre les formes dilicates
" de *Bacchus*, et celles plus fermes et plus
" prononcées de *Mercure*.

" Cette statue, la plus sublime de celles
" que le tems nous a conservées, a été
" trouvée, vers la fin du quinzième siècle,
" a *Capo d'Anzo*, à douze lieues de Rome,
" sur le rivage de la mer, dans les ruines de
" l'antique *Antium*, cité célèbre et par
" son temple de la Fortune, et par les
" maisons de plaisance qui les Empereurs
" y avaient élevées à l'envi, et embellies
" des plus rares chefs-d'ouvres de l'art.

" On ignore entierement le nom de l'au-
" teur de cet unimitable chef-d'œuvre.
" L'avant-bras droit, et la main gauche,
" qui manquaient, ont été restaurés par
" *Giovanni Angelo da Montorsoli.*"

When Buonaparte was First Consul, this statue was placed here, with the following inscription upon a bronze tablet:

La statue d'Apollon, qui s'élève sur ce piédestal,
trouvée a Antium sur la fin du 15e siècle,
placée au Vatican par Iules 2, au commencement du 16e.
conquise l'an 5 de la république par l'armée d'Italie,
sous les ordres du Général Bonaparte,
a été fixée ici le 21 Germinal an VIII.
première année de son consulat.

APPENDIX, 5.

"La Déesse des Amours vient de sortir
" de l'ecume dela mer, où elle a pris nais-
" sance: sa beauté virginale paraît sur le ri-
" vage enchanté de Cythère, sans d'autre
" voile que l'attitude de la pudeur. Si sa
" chevélure n'est pas flottante sur ses épau-
" les divines, ce sont les *Heures* qui, de leurs
" mains célestes, viennent de l'arranger.

" Un Dauphin groupé avec une coquille
" est à ses pieds : ce sont des symboles de
" la mer, élément natal de *Vénus*. Les
" deux Amours qui le surmontent, ne sont
" pas les enfans de la Déesse : l'un d'eux
" est cet Amour primitif (Eros) qui dé-
" brouilla le chaos ; l'autre est le Desir
" (Himeros) qui avait paru dans le monde
" en même tems que le primier des êtres
" sensibles. Tous les deux la virent naître,
" et ils ne s'écartèrent jamais de ses pas.
" Si nous en devons croire l'Inscription
" greecque tracée sur la plinthe de la statue,
" ce miracle de l'art a été l'ouvrage de
" *Cléomène*, Athenien, fils *d'Apollodore*,
" et père, suivant des conjectures tres-pro-
" bables, de cet autre *Cléomène* à qui nous
" devons la belle statue romaine dit *Orateur*
" *Romain*: mais cette inscription est mo-
" derne, et toute la partie exterieure de la
" plinthe l'est aussi.

" Cette statue a été exécutée en marbre
" de *Paros* d'un grain tres-fin : placée à
" Rome, dans les jarden de *Médicis*, de-
" puis le seizième siècle, transportée dans

" dix-septième, elle est parvenue, dans
" l'opinion générale de toute l'Europe à
" partager la célebreté de *l'Apollon du*
" *Belvédère*, qu'elle rivalise par la subli-
" mité de la conception, par le précieux du
" fini, et par la beauté idéale des formes.

" La France a dû l'Apollon aux victoires
" du Napoléon; pendant sa première cam-
" pagne d'Italie ; sa munificence a valu
" aux arts ce second chef-d'œuvre.

" Nous n'avons que des incertitudes et
" des traditions contradictoires à l'égard de
" l'endroit et de la fouille qui ont renda au
" jour la *Vènus de Medicis*. Tout le bras
" droit et l'avantbras gauche de cette statue
" sont modernes, restauration exécutée à
" Rome au seizième siècle, par quelque
" artiste Florentin. Tout ce que l'on vient
" d'avancer sur l'inscription grecque a été
" vérifie avec l'attention la plus scrupu-
" leuse ; on a même découvert l'ancienne
" plinthe pour voir si elle ne conserverait
" pas quelque vestige d'inscription : on a
" vu que la surface exterieure en avait été

" importée pour faciliter la jonction du
" marbre antique avec le moderne dans
" lequil il a été enclavé."

Appendix, 6.

" Les cheveux courts et hérissés, les
" moustaches, le profil du nez et la forme
" des sourcils, l'espèce de collier, *torquis*,
" qu'elle a autour du col, tout, dans cette
" figure, concourt à y faire reconnaître un
" *guerrier barbare* (peut-être *Gaulois* ou
" *Germain)* blessé à mort et expirant en
" homme de courage, sur le champ de ba-
" taille, qui est couvert d'armes et d'instru-
" mens de guerre.

" L'opinion vulgaire, qui voit dans cette
" statue un *gladiateur mourant*, est sans
" aucun fondement positif, et se trouve
" encore démentie par le peu de confor-

" mité qui existe entre cette statue et les
" monumens certains qui nous restent des
" *gladiateurs.*

" Cette statue est tirée du musée du
" Capitole, où Clement 12 l'avait fait
" placer. Autrefois elle était à la *villa*
" *Loudovisi*, où se conserve encore un
" groupe d'un sujet analogue à celui-ci,
" connu sous la fausse denomination
" *d'Arria et Pætus.* Il est probable que
" ces deux morceaux décoraient jadis à
" Rome un monument élevé par quelque
" vainqueur des Gaulois ou des Germains,
" tel que *César* ou Germanicus. Le bras
" droit de la figure et une partié de la
" plinthe ont été restaurés dans le seiziéme
" ciècle."

Notice des statues de la galerie des antiques du Musée à Paris ouverte pour la première fois le 18 Brumaire an. 9.

APPENDIX, 7.

NAPOLEON took particular notice of his soldiers, and would often recognise an old veteran who had served under him. The following anecdote is characteristic of his impetuous and determined character.

Going through the ranks to cheer and inspect his men, previous to the battle of Lutzen, he recognised as a private one whom he remembered to have served in a previous campaign as a serjeant; and stopping his horse opposite to him, desired to know how he came into the ranks. "The injustice of my superior officer," answered the old veteran, "broke and reduced me, under the false accusation of having deserted." Buonaparte, discrediting this story, instantly tore from his coat the decoration of the order of the Legion of Honour, and presenting it to him, declared that he would restore him, and in the face

of the whole army give him the cross, if he would confess himself guilty; but that if he persisted in his innocence, he should be tried, and, if convicted, shot upon the spot. The soldier would not retract, conceiving that no witness remained against him. The officers assembled about Napoleon, found incontestible proofs of the man's guilt, divided the ranks around him, and shot him upon the ground on which he stood.

APPENDIX, 8.

The following extract is from the works of M. le Sage:

" Nous avons vu dès hommes qui avoient toujours porté sur leur front l'émpreinte de la vertu et de l'honneur, devenir tout-à-coup des tigres, avides de sang et de

rapines. 'Qu'as-tu fait pour la révolution, nous demandoient ces brigands?' 'Si l'on nous faisoit la même question aujourd'hui, nous répondrions.'

"Rien, et c'est notre plus beau titre."

APPENDIX, 9.

THE filial virtues of the mountaineers of Jura gave rise to the *Seigneur bienfaisant*, so prettily told by Rochon de Chabanne. The fact was this:

The son of a peasant was in the woods one day, when a terrible storm came on. Instead of seeking shelter, a secret presentiment of evil induced him to fly through the rain, which fell in torrents, to his father's house. He found his young wife and child pale and senseless upon the grass without, and as soon as they could speak

learned that the lightning had struck the house. "Where is my father," cried he, and instantly rushed into the burning cottage. Regardless of the cries of his wife, he penetrated to his chamber, and there found his father upon his knees enveloped in flames. Happily the son preserved his presence of mind; seizing his hatchet, he broke through the partition, and opened himself a passage with his father on his shoulders.

Appendix, 10.

"Je gravissois lentement et a pied des
"sentiers assez rudes, conduit par un
"homme que j'avois pris pour être mon
"guide, et donc lequel, durant toute la
"route, j'ai trouvé plutôt un ami qu'un
"mercenaire. Je voulois rêver, et j'en
"étois toujours détourné par quelque spec-

" tacle inattendu. Tantôt d'immenses ro-
" chers pendoient en ruines au-dessus
" de ma tête. Tantôt de hautes et bru-
" yant cascades m'enondoient de leur épais
" brouillard. Tantôt un torrent éternel
" ouvroit à mes côtés un abyme dont les
" yeux n'osoient sonder la profondeur.
" Quelquefois je ma perdois dans l'obscu-
" rité d'un bois touffer. Quelquefois en
" sortant d'un gouffre une agréable prairie ré-
" jouissoit tout a coup mes regards. Un
" mélange étonnant de la nature sauvage et
" de la nature cultivée, montroit partout la
" main des hommes, où l'on eût cru qu'ils
" n'avoient jamais pénétré: à côté d'une
" caverne on trouvoit des maisons; on
" voyoit des pampres secs où l'on n'eut
" cherché que des ronces; des vignes dans
" des terres éboulées, d'excellent fruits sur
" des rochers, et des champs dans des pré-
" cipices.

" Vous trouverez dans ma description un
" léger crayon de leurs mœurs, de leur
" simplicité, de leur égalité d'ame, et de
" cette paisible tranquillité qui les rend
" heureux par l'exemption despeines plu-

"tôt que par le gout des plaisirs. Mais
"ce que je n'ai puvons peindre et qu'on ne
"peut gueres imaginer, c'est leur humanité
"désinteressée, et leur zele hospitalier
"pour tous les étrangers que le hasard où
"la curiosité conduisent chez eux. J'en
"fis une épreuve surprenante, moi qui
"n'etois connu de personne et qui ne
"marchois qu'à l'aide d'un conducteur.
"Quand j'arrivois le soir dans un hameau,
"chacun venoit avec tant d'empressement
"m'offrir sa maison que j'etois embarrassé
"du choix, et celui qui obtenoit la préfér-
"ence en patoissoit si content, que le pre-
"miere fois je pris cette ardeur pour de
"l'avidité. Mais je fus bien etonné quand,
"après en avoir usé chez mon hôte à peu
"près comme au cabaret, il refusa de len-
"demain mon argent, s'offensant même de
"ma proposition, et il en a partout été
"de même. Ainsi c'étoit le pur amour de
"l'hospitalité, communément assez tiede,
"qu'a sa vivacité j'avois pris pour l'âpreté
"du gain."—*Nouvelle Heloise.*

APPENDIX, II.

WHAT will those who accuse Voltaire of insensibility say to this letter, addressed by him to *M. L'Abbé Moussinot?*

"Volez, mon cher ami, chez M. Pitot,
"mathematicien distingué, puisque je
"trouve l'occasion de l'obliger. Je ne sais
"ce dont il peut avoir besoin: mais je ne
"puis guère lui prêter que huit cents livres,
"à cause des dépenses que je fais; car il
"faut encore que vous donnier promptement
"cent pistoles a M. Cousin. Prêtez
"donc huit cent livres à M. et Mdme. Pitot;
"ils me les rendront dans l'espace de
"cinq années; rien la première, deux cents
"livres la seconde, autant la troisième,
"ainsi du reste; leur billet suffira sans contrat.
"Il ne faut point, me semble, de notaire
"avec un philosophe. Si dans la
"suite il ne peut remplir les conditions du

"prêt, je n'exigerai pas le payement; au "contraire ma bourse lui sera encore ou- "verte."

APPENDIX, 12.

BORNE was one day relating in Voltaire's presence, an anecdote of a young man who had long predetermined to destroy himself, and who at last did blow out his brains, Voltaire listened attentively to the recital, and then suddenly broke the discourse by these lines:

> "L'esclave est-il coupable en brisant sa prison ?
> "Le Juge qui l'attend dans cette nuit obscure,
> "Est le pére et l'ami de toute la nature :
> "Rempli de ses bontés, mon esprit immortel,
> "Va tomber sans frémir dans son sein paternel."

"Suicide," continued he, "was not

5

authorized either among the Greeks or Romans, but yet they had no positive law against it: on the contrary, those who destroyed themselves, as did *Hercules*, *Cleomenes*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Arria*, *Pætus*, *Cato*, and the Emperor *Otho*, were regarded as great men. I wish that those who thus fly the world would leave behind them their motives in writing, with a word or two of their philosophy; whether they imagined their souls immortal, or expected to be more happy in another world. *Pensent-ils que notre entendement se réunit, après la mort, à l'ame général de l'universe ou qu'il n'est qu'une faculté, un resultat de ses organes comme la végétation dans les plantes?* Some few such reflections would not be altogether useless to the living, and to the history of the human mind."

APPENDIX, 13.

THE following is the copy of a letter from the celebrated naturalist *Vitalio Donati.*

“ OH la bella cità! che è quella (Gi-
“ nevra) mi pare di mirare un pezzo di Ve-
“ nezia: ella è situata sul lago Lemano, e
“ viene divisa dal fiume Rodano, e sul'-
“ uno, e sul'altro bellissimi edifizi fabrica-
“ ti vi sono, per i lavori dei panni, di cuoji
“ ed altro: le strade son belle, le case, o pa-
“ lazzi, le chiese sono magnifiche: in quella
“ cità non v'è ozio, ed il commercio, e le
“ arti fioriscono a maraviglia: parte della
“ cità è in collina, e parte alla pianura;
tutta eguale, con grandi stradoni d'alberi,
“ con fiori e piante di bella vista, con sedili
“ di legno dipinti, e quivi ne'giorni festivi
“ concorrono tutte le donne di qualunque
“ condizione al grande passegio. La pub-
“ licá libreria è abondantissima e benissimo

"tenuta: ritrovai li Genevrini di tempera-
"mento più tosto malinconico che allegro,
"e molto sostenuti trattando col forè-
"stiere."

APPENDIX, 14.

On trouve dans les registres de Gênève des detailes singuliers, qui prouvent l'excès de la dépravation des mœurs. Les femmes prostituées étoient logées dans un quartier séparé, et vivoient sous l'inspection d'une surintendante, qu'on appeloit *reine de B****. Elle prêtoit serment à l'état. Le registre du 14 Mars 1504, contient ces mots: *Fuit creata regina meretricum, quæ juravit in formâ sub conditionibus in capitulis exaratis.* Ces établissements durirent jusqu'au moment de la réformation.

APPENDIX 15.

FOLLOWING the severe tenets of Calvin, adultery is punished with the utmost rigour at Geneva. In a collection of poems, published in 1620 by John Owen, is the following epigram upon the subject:

Minister Genevensis.

Vis ut adulterium plectator morte, Minister?
Haud mirum; conjux est tibi [illegible]: sapis.

A un Ministre de Genève

Tu prétens que tout adultere,
Est digne de supplice, et mérite la mort;
Ta jeune femme a de quoi plaire,
Je l'entends, et tu n'as pas tort.

Appendix 16.

The following account of the escalade is preserved in the library at Geneva.

The dukes of Savoy who had always aspired to the possession of Geneva aided by the Jesuits who regarded that devoted town as the asylum of heresy, formed a plot to surprise it. In 1602 they celebrated a fête at *Thonon*, a small village in Savoy, about nine miles distant, which brought together a vast concourse of people. The Jesuits and their associates there administered the oath of mutual assistance and secresy: and the grand duke, to lull the Genevese into security, sent to propose to them a new treaty of peace. It overwhelmed them with joy, and their imagined security was such, that they treated as a madman a peasant who came to give information of the march of their treacherous enemies.

On the 11th December, Albigny, who commanded the Savoyard troops, approached the town and seized upon all he found, that he might intercept every informer. The duke retired behind the mountains *de Tremblière*, while in the night the army reached the gates without resistance, and halted at *Plein-Palais*, in the suburbs. Albigny and a Scotch Jesuit encouraged the soldiers, the one by a promise of plunder, and the other by that of Heaven. The Jesuit distributed to each a small slip of paper, on which was written some text of scripture. Their exhortations were attended to, and presently eight officers and two hundred soldiers scaled the ramparts, and gained the deserted streets of the town. They had orders to wait there till sun-rise, that the other troops might have time to come up: and in the mean time, the duke, thinking himself sure of success, sent off couriers to announce the fall of Geneva.

A centinel, hearing the disturbance, ap-

proached with a lantern, and seeing a crowd of persons, discharged his musket, but was instantly murdered. The alarm was given, thirty soldiers who guarded the gate fired upon the assailants; the inhabitants were awakened, Genevese and Savoyards were heaped one upon another in bloody confusion; the latter were driven to the gates, the scaling ladders cut away by the cannon, and the enemy, having lost their chiefs, precipitated themselves from the walls, where many perished in the ditch. The army without took to flight, leaving in the town thirty prisoners, who were hanged, and their heads exposed upon the walls, with those of sixty others who were killed in the assault. This attack cost 200 men to the Duke of Savoy, and the Genevese had 13 killed, and 30 wounded. *Béze* was so old and infirm that he heard nothing of the disturbance, but the next day was carried out in his chair, preached a sermon upon the occasion, and ordered the 24th psalm to be sung, which usage is still preserved on the anniversary of this famous escalade.

APPENDIX, 17.

THEY observe the following customs in the celebration of marriages at Geneva. When the parties are espoused to each other, they mutually join their hands in the presence of the minister, who takes two glasses of wine, which are presented to him by the new couple, and mixing them, presents it reciprocally between them, the husband putting in a ring when the wife drinks. The banns are then published on the three following Sundays; after which the magistrate appoints a place where they are to be married. The lady crowned with a garland of flowers is conducted by her parents after the conclusion of the ceremony to the husband's house. Widows who marry again, are allowed to wear no flowers.

APPENDIX, 18.

THE following letter was written by Rousseau to the King of Prussia, upon the occasion of his seeking a refuge in his dominions.

" Sire.—J'ai dit beaucoup de mal de
" vous ; j'en dirai peut-être encore. Ce-
" pendant, chassé de France, de Genéve,
" du canton de Berne, je viens chercher
" un asyle dans vos états : ma faute est
" peut-être de n'avoir pas commencé par
" là. Cet éloge est de ceux dont vous
" êtes digne. Sire, je n'ai mérité de vous
" aucune grâce, et je n'en demande pas :
" mais j'ai cru devoir déclarer à votre
" Majesté que j'etois en son pouvoir, et
" que j'y voulois être : elle peut desposer
" de moi comme il lui plaira.

APPENDIX, 19.

MASQUERADES are also strictly forbidden in Switzerland, which gave rise to the following ludicrous circumstance:

M. l'Abbé de Lattaignant, so celebrated during the last century for his composition of Parisian songs, was very deformed and had a monstrous nose. One day he went to a ball at the house of some great personage, but the Swiss servant would not admit him, having orders to let no one pass in mask. The Abbé in vain cried, "Don't you perceive my face?" "Oh, quick enough," answered the Swiss, "yet that great nose ———," and saying this he seized and griped it most furiously, thinking it a pasteboard one, but soon convinced of his error, he suffered the unfortunate nose to pass, with "Pardon, Monsieur l'Abbé, je ne croyois pas que ce nez appartint à votre visage."

APPENDIX, 20.

THE natural vivacity of the Swiss renders them very *au-fait* at ridiculing the corrupt effects of luxury amongst their neighbours the French, and happily they are averse to

> " Parisian paint of every kind
> " Which stains the body or the mind."

The following bon-mot is in a collection which was published at Venice many years ago, under the title of " *L'art de désoppiler la rate.*"

Deux coquettes qu'on nomme Amynthe & Cidalise,
Vouloient entrer dans une église:
Rétirez-vous leur dit le Suisse
Voyant d'un rouge épais leur visage farci,
Allez qui le Ciel vous bénésse
Les masques n'entrent point ici.

APPENDIX, 21.

ON our way from Mount Saleve, our conductress, speaking of the fairies who are believed to have been the former sovereigns of this country, *(Cluse)*, related the following story.

" A girl, whose name was Maria Thierstein, and a young man of the country, were tenderly attached, but a fairy was also in love with Claude, and used all her influence to gain his affections. Without being visible she every day brought him some new present. Once when he was at work he cried, ' I wish I had a flask of wine this hot day,'—immediately the wine appeared; at another time, a rock having rolled off the mountain into his meadow, he ' wished the rock at the devil,'—the next day it was gone. But when he was at the house of his mistress, an owl every night placed itself in the tree opposite his

window, repeating its melancholy cry: he threw stones at it, he shot at it, but his arrows hurt it not—for it was the fairy.

"However, all this did not affect the lovers; Claude demanded his mistress in marriage, and it was willingly accorded. That day all the fruit fell from his orchard, his goats died, and their milk turned black. The father of Maria had a pretty little châlet on the mountain; an avalange carried it away:—she had a favourite dog; a wolf devoured it. The day of the marriage drew near, and Maria went into the forest to gather strawberries, when an old woman met her, and begged her assistance to raise her mule, which had fallen through fatigue a little way off. Maria, kind and charitable, consented to follow her: the fairy went first, and although apparently crippled, walked with a firm quick step, saying continually, 'two paces further and we shall be there.' They arrived at the entrance of a cavern, from whence seemed to proceed the cries of an infant; Maria entered to afford her assistance, when the old

woman instantly rolled a stone against the mouth which thirty men could not have removed. When poor Maria found herself thus caught, she cried, wept, and implored the fairy to release her, who said that she would consent, if she gave up the silver ring and blue ribbon which Claude had presented to her. Maria hesitated, and at length delivered them, when the old woman hastened away, leaving her unfortunate rival calling in vain upon the Holy Virgin; for she intercepted her prayers in their ascent to Heaven.

"When her Father and Claude saw night approach, and that Maria did not return, they sought her in every direction; and in passing through the forest calling upon her name, Claude met the old woman, who said that she was charged with a sorrowful mission from his Maria, whom he would never see again, for that she was gone to Geneva with a French husband, and had returned him his ring and ribbon. Claude would have thrown the old woman over the precipice, but she quickly disap-

peared. At last he applied to a hermit in the neighbourhood, who told him how to proceed—'Go,' said he, 'to the east side of the mountain, when a beautiful young peasant will ask your assistance to find her goat: follow her, but as you cross the torrent, throw her down, and bind her hand and foot. Don't regard her prayers; when she finds them useless she will collect the clouds around, the sky will become black, and a terrible tempest roll over your head. Say a *Pater* and an *Ave-Maria*, and the storm will cease. Then threaten to cast the fairy into the running stream, unless she swears upon the crucifix, which I will give you, to release your mistress, and renounce all persecution for the future, under pain of eternal damnation. She will accede, and you will find Maria stretched upon the damp earth in the cavern, without life or motion; this elixir will restore her; but take her on your shoulders, and carry her to your cabin, when she will awake: and never afterwards need you fear the power of the fairy.'

3.

"Thus informed, Claude regained his lost Maria, and to this day every new married couple repairs to the grave where these lovers were interred, strewing flowers upon it, and praying for the like fidelity and affection."

APPENDIX, 22.

CLAUDIAN, who lived in the fourteenth century, in describing the march of the army of *Stilico*, thus notices the avalanges and the intense cold which reigns among the Alps, which, like the Gorgon of the fable, deprives travellers of their limbs.

"Sed latus, Hesperia pro Rhœtia jungitur oræ,
" Præruptis ferit astra jugis panditque terendam
" Vix æstati viam. Multi ceu Gorgone visa
" Obriguere gelu. Multos hausere profundæ
" Vasta mole nives, cumque ipsis sæpe juvencis
" Naufraga candenti mergunter plaustra barathro

"Interdum glacie subitam labente ruinam
"Mons dedit, & tepidis fundamina subruit astris
"Pendenti malifida solo. Per talia tendit
"Frigoribus mediis Stilico loca."

APPENDIX, 23.

SILIUS ITALICUS, speaking of the mountain tempests, writes.

"Interdum adverso glomiratos turbine Corus
"In media ora nives fuscis agit horridus alis,
"Aut rursum immani stridens avulsa procella
"Audacis rapit arma viri, volvens que per orbem
"Contorto rotat in nubes sublimia flatu," &c.

APPENDIX, 24.

THE inhabitants of Hindostan worship fire, which, according to them, represents

the Divinity. They consider it the greatest crime to extinguish a candle. If their houses are in flames, they use no water to put them out, but smother them with earth, and esteem it the greatest misfortune if the fire upon the hearths should go out of itself.

APPENDIX, 25.

YET it may be remarked in consulting the registers of the parliaments, that great crimes have been usually committed during the rigours of winter. They say that Henry III. king of France, was always more ferocious and cruel in that season. The fibres then acquire a rigidity which augments the moral and physical energies of the body.

APPENDIX, 26.

THE exquisite effect of the pure air upon the summits of the Alps, is thus beautifully described by Rousseau in *La Nouvelle Héloise, page* 100, *vol.* 1.

"Ce fut là que je demêlai sensiblement
"dans la purité de l'air où je me trouvois,
"la véritable cause du changement de
"mon humeur, et du retour de cette paix
"intérieure que j'avois perdue depuis si
"long-temps. En effect, c'est une im-
"pression générale qu'éprouvent tous les
"hommes, quoiqu'ils ne l'observant pas
"tous, que sur les hautes montagnes où
"l'air est pur et subtil, on se sent plus de
"facilité dans la respiration, plus de
"ligéreté dans le corps, plus de sérénité
"dans l'esprit; les plaisirs y sont moins
"ardents, les passions plus modérées.
"Les méditations y prennent je ne sais
"quel caractere grand et sublime, propor-
"tionné aux objets qui nous frappent, je

" ne sais quelle volupté tranquille qui n'a
" rien d'âcre et de sensuel. Il semble
" qu'en s'élevant au-dessus du séjour des
" hommes on y laisse tous les sentiments
" bas et terrestres, et qu'à mesure qu'on ap-
" proche des régions éthérées, l'ame con-
" tracte quelque chose de leur inaterable
" pureté. On y est grave sans mélancolie,
" paisible sans indolence, content d'etre et
" de penser: tous les desirs trop vifs
" s'émoussent; ils perdent cette pointe
" aigui qui les rend douloureux ils ne
" laissent au fond du cœur qu'une émo-
" tion légère et douce, et c'est ainsi qu'un
" heureux climat fait servir à la félicité
" de l'homme les passions qui font ailleurs
" son tourment. Je doute qu'aucune
" agitation violente; aucune maladie de
" vapeurs pût tener contre un pareil séjour
" prolongé, et je suis surpris que des bains
" de l'air salutaire et bienfaisant des mon-
" tagnes, ne soient pas un des grands re-
" medes de la médicine et de la morale."

Appendix, 27.

" Le premier août 1787 M. de Saussure
" escalada cette haute montagne : (Mont
" Blanc.) Il rapporte qu'en approchant
" de sa cime, l'air y est si rare, que les
" forces s'épuisent trés-promptement, et
" qu'en s'élevant encore, il ne pouvoit
" faire quinze ou seize pas sans reprendre
" haleine. Il éprouvoit même de temps
" en temps, un commencement de défaill-
" ance, qui le forçoit à s'asseoir; mais en
" respirant, il reprenoit ses forces. Le
" 3 août troisième jour de marche, à onze
" heures, il parvint au sommet de cette
" montagne fameuse. Une légère vapeur
" étendue sur les regions inférieures de
" l'air, déroboit à sa vue les plaines de la
" France et de la Lombardie ; mais un
" beau jour éclairoit l'ensemble des hautes
" cimes des Alpes. M. de Saussure croyoit
" rêver en voyant au dessous de lui ces
" cimes majestueuses, dont la hauteur l'avoit
" frappé d'etonnement et de crainte, lors-

" qu'il les avoit vues de la plaine. Sur
" ce sommet le baromètre descendit a 16
" pounces un ligne. L'air n'y avoit à peu
" près que la moitié de sa densité ordinaire:
" au lieu d'y respirer, on n'y faisoit que
" haleter; on y étoit comme dans un état
" de fievre parce que le corps étoit déchargé
" d'une grandi partie de la portion ac-
" coutumée de l'atmosphère. ' Nous per-
" dimes l'appétit, et nos mets ne le réveil-
" lèrent pas, car ils s'etoient gelés en route.
" Deux de mes guides ne purent resister,
" et descendirent bien vîte. Je tirai un
" coup de pistolet, dont la détonation se
" fit à peine entendre. Les pulsations de
" mon pouls étoient doubles en vitesse de
" celles de la plaine. Il fallut beaucoup
" de temps et de peine pour allumer du
" feu, sans lequel nous aurions manqué
" d'eau.'

" M. de Saussure resta sur se mont trois
" heures pour y faire des découvertes très-
" intéressantes. Il avoit eu la precaution
" d'envelopper sa tête d'un crêpe noir,
" ainsi que ses guides, ce qui préserva

" leurs yeux et leur visage, tandis que ceux
" qui les avoient précédés, devenus presqu'-
" aveugles, eurent le visage brûlé, et gercé
" jusqu'au sang, par la réverbération des
" neiges. Le thermomètre étoit, à l'ombre,
" à midi, à 2 dégrés $\frac{2}{10}$ au-dessous de la
" glace, et dans ce moment même, il étoit,
" à Genève, a 22 degrés $\frac{1}{6}$ au-dessus, et le
" baromètre à 27 pounces."

The above is an extract from the journal of a person who accompanied M. de Saussure.

APPENDIX, 28.

" LE mot de balme ou baume désigne,
" en Suisse les grottes de montagnes.
" En Savoie il existe une caverne célèbre,
" appelée la Caverne de Balme. Nous
" avons en Provence la fameuse caverne
" de la Sainte Baume où Magdelaine

"s'etoit retirée, dit-on en abordant en
"Provence. Les dominicains possedoient
"sa tete, que la révolution Francaise a fait
"tomber, ainsi que tant d'autres. *Jacuit*
"*immensa strages, omnis sexus, omnis*
"*ætas, illustres, ignobiles.*" — *Lantier's Travels in Switzerland.*

APPENDIX, 29.

The following account of an avalange on Saint Bernard, was given us by the prior of that convent:

"The avalanges," said he, "are here very frequent; although the travellers march in the profoundest silence almost suppressing their breath, yet the snow falls instantaneously, surprising them, precipitating them over a precipice, or burying them alive; often as if blasted by lightning, they are struck dead, merely by the pres-

sure of the air, which prevents respiration."

"About four years ago," continued he, "some travellers arrived late at night in the convent. The weather appeared lowering, and we kept them two days, but the third they would leave us in spite of our advice, which was dictated by long experience. Seeing our efforts useless, we sent our servants with them, and they departed about nine in the morning. Scarcely had they quitted our gates when an avalange parted like lightning, and they all instantly disappeared. At the roar of this fall I opened my window, looked toward the lake, and no longer perceiving our guests, alarmed the house; we assembled, armed with long poles, and braving the danger, each threw ourselves into the snow, and after two days of infinite fatigue we had the good fortune to recover all but three, whose bodies were found two months afterwards, frozen into an enormous mass of transparent ice."

The dogs of St. Bernard, which are employed to find travellers lost in the snow, possess a wonderful sagacity, an instinct truly astonishing. Not only do they scent bodies buried deep beneath an avalange, but they will seize them by their garments, and without injury to the unfortunate sufferers, drag them to the convent, or assist them to walk, and loosen the little bottles of wine which they always bear tied round their necks for such purposes. These dogs once saved the treasures of the house; thirty robbers came one by one, and each was hospitably received; but, when they were reunited within the walls, they summoned the superieure instantly to surrender to them the wealth of the convent. He calmly desired them to follow to the treasury; but opened the door of the room where these dogs were kept, which at his voice, attacked the robbers, and destroyed them.

APPENDIX, 30.

The description which Cæsar gives of *Octodorus*, in lib. 3. De Bello Gallico, corresponds well with the situation of Martigny; and Godefroi de Viterbe, who lived in the twelth century, declares, that in 1006, *Martigny la Ville* went under the name of Octodure.

APPENDIX, 31.

Infinite pains have been taken, without effect, to familiarize and instruct these unhappy creatures. Yet a being of a more extraordinary nature, was brought to reason some years ago in France.

In 1733, a wild girl was discovered in

the forest of Songy, near Châlons, in Champagne. This girl, then but ten years old, entered one evening into the village of Songy, her feet were naked, her body clothed with skins, her hair long, and her face and hands black as a negroe's; she was armed with a short stick; the peasants were alarmed, and loosed a large wolf hound at her: she stretched him at her feet with a single blow, and fled into the woods. M. D'Epinay, lord of a neighbouring chateau, gave orders to have her taken. Many stratagems were vainly employed; at last a woman with an infant in her arms, went to the tree in which she usually slept, and carried some food, inviting her to come down. The little savage at last descended, and followed the woman: while some persons in ambuscade seized, and conveyed her to the chateau. She was washed, and at last became perfectly white.

She had a companion, another savage, older than herself, from whom she separated before her arrival at Songy: they were swimming across a river together, when a

hunter, seeing but two black heads in the water, took them for fowls, fired at, and missed them. The noise made them dive, and they escaped. In their way they found a string of beads, and the youngest stooped to pick it up, but the other struck her violently, and left her weltering in her blood. She made a bracelet of the beads; but afterwards touched with compassion for her young companion, fetched some frogs, and leaves, tore off the bark of a tree with her nails, and bound it over the wound to stop the blood. After this affair they separated.

M. D'Epinay at last reformed this wild girl, and she left off her usual food of raw meat and roots; but the first time she attempted to take wine all her teeth fell out, however another set replaced them. She was baptized, and called Madlle. Leblanc; she had but a confused remembrance of her mode of life before she came into Champagne. She remembered neither father nor mother, nor country; yet thought

that she had twice passed the sea, and had some idea of having thrown herself overboard to avoid chastisement; she added that she had lived upon the trees, as well to save herself from wild beasts, as to discover the animals proportioned to her strength, that she might catch them for food.

Appendix, 32.

Sion. *Civitas Sedunorum* of the Romans. They have an officer of justice here, who is called *Le Châtelain de nuit.* (Nacht-Castellan) a custom derived from the Romans.

APPENDIX, 33.

THE name *Ranz*, which the French have given to this air, comes from *Reiken*, a German word, signifying a Rondeau. We have an English song, called the Sailors' Rant—*Ranz du Matelot.*

APPENDIX, 34.

THE Swiss however had a firm belief in sorcerers, and always punished with death those who were suspected. Even so late as 1738, the unfortunate Catillon was executed as a sorcerer at Fribourg, and three or four old women were burnt alive at *Zoug*, for the crime of magic. In 1712, a book was published at Paris, entitled *L'Apologie des grands Hommes faussement soupçonnés de Magie.*

APPENDIX, 35.

THE famous cheese, called *Schabecygre*, or *Chapsigre*, is composed of the milk and odoriferous herbs produced in the canton of *Glaris*, which herbs are common there, but rare in every other part of Switzerland. The principal ingredient, which causes the high flavour, and peculiar smell of the Chapsigre, is the *trifolium odoratum*, or sweet scented melitot.

APPENDIX, 36.

" M. DE BOCHART (Mem. sur l'Hist.
" Ancienne de la Suisse) donne une racine
" celtiques au nom *Gemmi:* il le fait de-
" river du mot *gummi* ou *gaemmi* qui sig-

" nifie *eau rassemblée*, ou de *jam*, ou *cam*
" dont le dialecte allemand a fait *Gemmi*,
" qui désignoit en celtique toute chose
" courbi. Le chémin qu'il a faller ouvrir
" extrémement, tortueux pour pouvoir
" grimper au haut de cette montagne, par
" laquel on est obligé de passer, quand on
" veut aller en droitures des bains de
" Leuck, du côté de Berne, est bien in-
" diqué par cette denomination."

Voyage Pittoresque de la Suisse, par M. le Baron de Zurlauben.

APPENDIX, 37.

THE following anecdote of Swiss fidelity deserves to be handed down to posterity:

Louis XIV. returning one day from a ride in the Park, wished to enter his palace at

Versailles by a little gate, which led into the garden, and at which a Swiss soldier stood centinel; the soldier refused admittance to the Grand Monarque.

"Don't you see," said one of the attendants, "that it is the King?"

"Moi li bien connoître," answered the Swiss, "mais moi, avoir ordre de mon sargent de ne lasser passer personne par sti porte."

The king was pleased at this attentive exactitude in the service of his court, and waited patiently till the sergeant came.

APPENDIX, 38.

THE following was given me as a fair statement of the present rate of living in the Canton of Berne:

	Sous.
La Viande de boucherie, le livre environ	7
Le fromage - - - - - -	6
Le beurre - - - - - -	7
Le pain - - - - - -	4
Le sel - - - - - -	3
Le pot de lait - - - - -	3
Le pot de vin du Pays-de-Vaud - -	12
Le pot de vin, le plus commun - -	5

APPENDIX, 39.

THERE is extant an edition of the geography of Ptolemy by Phrisius, printed at Strasburg, in 1522, which thus speaks of Switzerland:

"Helvetia regio aspira et montuosa, in cujus rupibus Rhinus oritur fluvius, hæc homines gignit utriusque sexûs validos, corporibus et formâ venustos, staturâ proceros, & tanquam gigantes robustos, gens illa bel-

" licosissima est, & quamvis Martii mul-
" tum debeat, simplex tamen est, bene-
" vola et advinis multum benigna."

APPENDIX, 40.

——" SITOT que les vents du nord cè-
" dent l'empire de l'air, qu'une séve nou-
" velle ranime toute les plantes, et que la
" terre, réchauffée sous les áiles du doux
" Zephyr, se parc des fleurs qu'il verse sur
" son sein, l'habitant des Alpes, fuit le
" triste vallon, où les eaux troubles des
" torrens annoncent la fonte des neiges, &
" gagne avec empressement les hauteurs,
" où la première herbe pointe à pein à tra-
" vers d'une couche légère de glaçons;
" alors les troupeaux quittent leurs éta-
" bles, & saluent avec joie les prairies que
" la Nature, aidée du printemps, orne
" pour leur usage.

"Aux premiers chants de l'aloüette qui
" annonce le jour aux premiers rayons de
" l'Astre qui eclaire le monde, le berger
" s'arrache des bras de sa bergère, qui ne
" cherche point à retarder un départ qui
" l'afflige. En meme-temps un nombreux
" troupeau des vaches pesantes se presse
" avec un mugissement joyeux dans le
" sentier où brille la rosée ; bientot elles se
" dispersent, pour suivre à pas lents les
" touffes de tréfle & des plantes fleuries, &
" fauchent l'herbe tendre aves leurs langues
" tranchantes : là, le berger assis près
" d'une chute d'eau, appelle avec son cor
" l'echo qui lui répond.

" Lorsque les rayons obliques de Soliel
" prolongent les ombres, & que cet Astre
" fatigué de sa course, va se refraîchir dans
" le repos, le troupeau rassasié d'une pâ-
" ture abondante, retourne avec le méme
" empressement vers l'abri connu des cha-
" lets. Les deux époux se saluent, & se
" retrouvent avec un plaisir égal ; un
" grouppe d'enfans réjouis s'empresse & fô-
" latre autour d'eux. Dès que les ge-

" nisses ont donné la douce liqueur écu-
" mante sous les doigts qui la font couler,
" la famille rassamblée dans une union
" parfaite, goûte des mets que l'appétit
" seul assaissonne; en attendant que guidé
" par l'amour & par le besoin du repos, le
" couple heureux se livre, en s'embras-
" sant, aux charmes du sommeil.

" Quand les feux de l'été paroissent en-
" flammer la campagne, & que la matu-
" rité des plantes remplit l'espérance du
" peuple, le berger s'élance dans le vallon
" encore humide des pleurs de l'Aurore,
" avant que le soleil daede ses rayons sur
" la cime des rochers; l'amiable Flore est
" assailié dans son empire; la faucille tran-
" chante, par des coups prompts & répé-
" tés, dépouille la terre de sa parure; des
" ondes d'herbes entassées s'élève un par-
" fum de mille odeurs confondues; une
" chanson gaie accompagne la marche des
" bœufs qui d'un pas pêsant, trainent leur
" provision de fourrage pour l'hiver.

" Pour ne pas être surpris par l'hiver, ce

" peuple, avec un industrie prévoyante,
" s'est préparé des ressources que lui four-
" nit le lait des troupeaux. Ici le seré se
" fige sur un braise ardente; plus loin le
" lait se condense en une masse huileuse;
" le resider se consolide sous le poids,
" qui le presse; un acide qui fermente
" separe les parties grasses ou aqueuses;
" & le fromage prend sa consistance dans
" une forme arrondie; une seconde cuite
" réchauffe le lait pour l'usage des pau-
" vres; chacun dans la famille s'empresse,
" on rougiroit de ne pas prendre part au
" travail commun; le desœuvrement seroit
" pour eux le plus dur de tous les escla-
" vages." *Hist. Switzerland.*

APPENDIX, 41.

THERE is a law at Berne, which requires that every person who aspires to any emoluments of the canton should be married. So among the Romans, when the Censor numbered the citizens, he demanded of each, *Et tu, ex animi sententia uxorem habes, liberum quærendorum causa?* If he answered in the negative, he was obliged to pay the tax, which was called *æs uxorium.*

APPENDIX, 42.

ON the lake of *Uri* is to be seen the chapel of William Tell, with this inscription over the gate:

> Brutus erat nobis Uro Guillelmus in arvo,
> Assertor patriæ vindex, ultorque tyrannum.

APPENDIX, 43.

THE chateau of Habspourg is situated upon an elevation, about a league from Brougg. In going to it, you would expect to find a vast castle, corresponding with the power of the ancient Counts de Habspourg, founders of the august House of Austria, but the building is

small and simple, and although now in ruins, you may judge what it has been.

This chateau was built at the commencement of the 11th century, by Wesner, Bishop of Strasbourg, and brother to Radeboton, Compte D'Altenbourgh, who married Ide, the sister of Thierri, Duke of Lorraine.

APPENDIX, 44.

BADEN owes its celebrity to the hot mineral springs, which take their rise near by, and which were celebrated in the times of the Romans, who called the place *Aquæ Helvetiæ*, *Vicus Thermorum*, *Thermopolis*, *Badena*, & *Bada*. Tacitus mentions this spot, in speaking of the excesses committed by the troops of Cecira, lieutenant under the Emperor Vitellius:—" Di-

repens longâ pace in modum municipii locus, amæno salubrium aquarum usu frequens."—*Hist.* 1, *sect.* 67.

APPENDIX, 45.

THE following is the account which a traveller who once went to visit this renowned physiognomist, gave of his reception.

"He received me in his library, where he was surrounded by a crowd of portraits and engravings, studies of the expressions of countenance and human figures. Jean Gaspard Lavater was then a venerable old man, his countenance was long and thin—his features marked and striking—his physiognomy possessed an interesting and sometimes a melancholy expression. When we were alone, I told him, that following the example of the ancient Gre-

cians who travelled into Egypt and Asia, to acquire knowledge, I came to find the Philosopher of Zurich, and make myself master of the study of physiognomy. He smiled, and said, 'You have read then my Treatise? It has been translated into German and English, and I am now preparing a new edition with 150 engravings.' Every man has a distinct feature in his face, which is always found to be the same in similar characters. The form of the head, the movements of the arms, the colour of the skin, are the signs by which I discover the enigma of the human heart: and it is proved by many anecdotes of ancient philosophy, that those who in any degree possess the air of the brute creation, bear some analogy with them in point of character. They say that the great Condé had the physiognomy of an eagle. It is incontestible that every being possesses a peculiar physiognomy, and I judge of it upon this principle; those who excel in any particular art, decide at the first glance upon the defects or perfection of the object of their studies. A good gardener

knows at first view whether his fruits are ripe? and if, as Aristotle says, huntsmen know the good qualities of their dogs by their outward appearance and figure, why cannot physiognomists judge of the qualities of man by the union of particular features? Physiognomy is a faithful mirror which cannot deceive. One day a German combatted my system, 'It is not,' said I, 'the fault of nature, nor of my principles, if you do not perceive the result of my reasoning—do not imagine that the thing is not in existence, but say that you do not see it as I do, and I will assist you.

"At Athens there lived formerly a great physiognomist, called Zopire*. The disciples of Socrates to prove the abilities of this man, brought their master to him. Zopire, after having closely examined his

* "Cum multa in conventu vitia collegisset in eum "Zopyrus, qui se naturam cujusque ex forma pers-"picere profitebatur, derisus est a cœteris, qui illa in "Socrate vitia non agnoscerent: ab ipso autem "Socrate sublevatus, cùm illa sibi signa, sed ratione, "a dejecta diceret." CICERO.

features, said, that this was the most licentious and drunken old fellow he had ever seen. 'The disciples of Socrates laughed at his pretended skill, but Socrates told him, that he was perfectly correct, for that his natural propensities would have drawn him into these two vices, if he had not opposed them by all his precepts of philosophy.'

"Lavater quoted passages from Aristotle, Baptiste Porte, and other authors, upon whose works he affirmed that he had founded his system.

"I had with me a fellow-traveller, a native of Hamburgh, and whispering to Lavater, I begged him to observe the physiognomy of this man, and give me his opinion when he was gone. Our conversation turned upon the inhabitants of the different countries of Europe; and Lavater spoke of the English and French ladies—he divided the English women into two classes. 'The one,' said he, 'is indiscreet, bold, and arrogant, the other is an angelic union of loveliness and perfection.' He instanced

the French females, but with a very few exceptions, he had never seen among them those marked features which are indicative of any peculiar character. He affirmed that an Englishman will receive a bold truth without being offended, but that a Frenchman will never pardon it.

" According to him, the person of Sterne had some affinity to that of the devil, his heart never proved the fine sentiments that issued from his pen.

" Jean Jacques was an extraordinary being, susceptible of every kind of impression, but having neither sentiments, nor opinions really his own, he considered him, as well as Sterne, as a rare and wonderful man, with a demoniac nature.

" Voltaire, he said, was a composition of irony, cunning, and wit, without character and without genius. Pointing to a portrait which hung in his library, he desired me to observe it, ' It is that of Diderot,'

said he, 'his forehead large, open, and finely turned, bears the impressive character of a vast genius, clear and fertile; but I also perceive there traces of timidity and shyness.'" My Hamburgh friend had taken his leave, and I demanded of Lavater the result of his observations upon him. 'Is he your friend,' said he. 'No, merely a travelling acquaintance.' 'So much the better, I should be sorry that friendship bound you together. His complexion is livid; his eyes are small and deep, and almost shut when he laughs; his laugh is not becoming; he opens his mouth too much, and all his features assume a hard character: when his mouth is shut he has an air of crabbed ill-nature; his nose is turned up, and he altogether possesses a disagreeable countenance. I think this man is governed by envy; he is jealous of his talents, is interested, a flatterer, and boasts of qualities which he never possessed. His mode of laughing announces a genius but moderate and ill applied; in short, he is a poltroon rather than a man.'

"This opinion turned out to be pretty correct."

If the ferocity of the French disposition wanted additional proof, the death of this unfortunate old man would amply afford it.

After the attack upon Zurich by the French army, Lavater, as he was returning again to his house from which he had fled, saw by the road-side a soldier with his arm broken, and who seemed dying from loss of blood; moved with compassion for the unfortunate sufferer, and without inquiring who he was, he ran to fetch some fresh water, washed the wound, and bound it up with his handkerchief. At this moment an outrageous mob passing, without being softened by the kind act he was performing, without respect for their venerable pastor, cried, "There is the old villain Lavater," and flew at him with all the wildness of savage rage. At their infernal cries, the French soldier forgetting his wound, his

eyes sparkling with rage, got up, armed himself with his musket, and dangerously wounded him. Lavater, covered with blood, fled to save himself in his house, where he lingered some months.

The following is an extract from a letter, dated Zurich, a short time before his death:

" 21 Vendemaire, An. 9.

" Dimanche dernier, j'ai été témoin " d'une scene religieuse et touchante. " Notre bon Lavater, depuis un an n'a pu " passer un jour une heure un instant " sans doleur, et les derniers mois, ses " souffrances ont redoublè, car la plaire de " la malkeureuse blessure qu'il reçut à " l'attaque de Zurich, est toujours ou- " verte. Au milieu de ce long supplice, " il a conservé toute sa présence d'esprit, " toute son activité, toute la sérénité habi- " tuelle de son caractère.

" C'est dans cet etat qu'il a eu la force

" et le courage, de se faire conduire a
" l'église où d'une voix plus touchante que
" forte, il a prononcé un discours.

" Si vous l'aviez entendre, vous auriez
" cru voir Saint Jean lui-même, tel que
" l'auroit peint Rapphaël, prêchant encore
" du bord de sa tombe; cette charité
" sainte dout son ame étoit profondément
" embrasée ces longs regards, pleins de
" feu, de confiance et d'amour, perçant à
" travers la pâleur mortelle repandue sur
" ses traits, sembloient pénétrer déjà les
" cieux ouverts pour le recevoir.

" Ce n'etoit plus un mortel succombant
" sous le poids de ses longues douleurs
" c'étoit un ange descendre des demeures
" celestres, et pris d'y remonter: ausse
" jamais benediction pontificale n'a-t-elle
" fait verser tant de larmes pieuses, que
" la bénédiction donnée par cette main
" desséchée étendre sur la foule, qui l'econ-
" toit avec autant d'admiration que de
" recuilleinent et de regrets. Voici le
" commencement de son discours.

"Mes frères je ne pourrai voir dire que
"peu de mots; c'est d'une voix mourante
"que je vais occupe votre attention; mes
"maux augmentent de jour en jour; la
"mort pese sur ma poitrine brisée: ces
"paroles, je le sens, seront les dernieres
"que je vous adresserai. Ecoutez les,
"comme si elles sortoient de mon tom-
"beau," &c. &c.

Appendix, 46.

The poet Glarian composed these lines upon viewing this majestic Fall, and the troubled waters above it.

Quam propius liquidi facies nitidissima Rheni
Alluit: hic rapidus refluenti in gurgite vortex
Cernitur, Euripum referens, Scyllæque voracis
Latratus, hic unda alti de vertice montis
Lapsa ruit præceps, sterilemque eructat arenam
In circum, sursum que volans portendere nubem,
Aut nebula speciem, et cœlum pulsasse videtur.

APPENDIX, 47.

THE history of this old monastery was printed at great length by Bernard de Rusca in 1745.

Rheinau was one of the strongest positions which the Romans fortified against the Germans.

Amongst numerous monuments in the great church, is one to the memory of Finden, a Scotchman, who belonged to the convent in the ninth century.

APPENDIX, 48.

TRADITION relative to the ruin of *Rudesheim* from the MSS. found in the *Isle of the Rhine.*

—

" *Jean Broemser de Rudesheim*, the
" owner of this château, departed for Pales-
" tine with many of the neighbouring che-
" valiers, to expiate the sins of his youth.

" His courage soon made him the wonder
" of the armies, and many Mussulmen
" fell beneath his arm. He one day de-
" stroyed a dragon which had caused great
" destruction, but in the enterprise fell
" into the hands of the Turks, where he
" underwent a long and severe slavery.
" There, without hope of liberty, he made
" a vow to consecrate to God, if he should
" return to his native land, his dear and
" only daughter *Giesèle.*

" Broemser was at length freed from

" slavery, and the very first thing he did
" upon his return to his castle, was to
" make known his vow to his daughter, and
" prepare her for her fate without delay.
" The declaration was a thunderstroke to
" the gentle Giesèle; she loved a young
" knight in the country, and had flattered
" herself that her father would approve her
" choice; she loved her father also, and
" renounced her hopes of happiness to be
" squandered by that father's hand. When
" the time arrived, however, she embraced
" his knees, supplicated, wept, and implored
" him to spare her. Superstition had
" hardened the heart of Broemser, and curs-
" ing her he drove her from him violently.
" Her spirits forsook her under such mis-
" fortunes, and she wandered on the rock
" above; the paternal malediction followed
" her footsteps like a phantom; and to
" escape it, she dashed herself over the
" precipice into the Rhine beneath.

" The old man, touched with grief and
" remorse for the fate of his lovely daugh-

"ter, made a vow to build a chapel and
"have mass said to appease her manes; but
"having forgotten this vow, he was awaken-
"one morning by a terrible apparition.
"He saw the dragon of Palestine living
"and clinging around him in slimy folds,
"the chains which he had brought from his
"slavery, fell before him with a great noise
"from the place where they had been
"hung; a phantom pale but beautiful,
"which he knew for his daughter, appeared
"in the instant, to save him. The monster
"fled at the first mysterious sign which
"she made, and casting a look of affection
"and grief upon her father, she disappeared.
"This prodigy was followed by a second;
"his trusty valet rushed into his chamber
"with a small image in his hand, which
"one of the oxen had kicked up in the
"field while ploughing, and which cried
"three times *Noth Grottes (besoin de
"Dieu.)*"

"He built the convent of *Noth Grottes*,
"where the image was found, and in it

"they yet shew his spear, and the tongue
"of the dragon which he vanquished."

In this chateau I saw the portraits of the family, with their names and dates; and in the chapel, which is almost deprived of light by the thick ivy, are the horns of the ox which they pretend found the miraculous image; some of the old furniture is still remaining in rooms only inhabited by bats and owls, and fast decaying.

APPENDIX, 49.

THE chapel of *Stromberg* is situated on one of the Seven mountains above *L'Ile du Rhin*, the origin of which is thus told:

"Non loin des sept montagnes, vivait
"au 12 siecle, un chevalier nommé Diether,
"qui fut de la première croisade en Pales-
"tine. En allant a *Spire* ou il croyait

" encore trouver *Bernard, Abbé de Clair-*
" *val*, il descendit au chateau *Argenfels*,
" où il fut reçu cordialement, Le Seigneur
" du chateau était assez avancé en âge,
" et avait deux filles, dont la plus jeune
" & la plus amiable s'appelait *Berthe.*

" La beauté & les grâces de cette demoi-
" selle ne tarderent pas à charmer le coeur
" du preux Diether.

" Il cru s'appercevoir que la demoiselle
" partageant ses sentimens & ce ne fut pas
" sans doleur, qu'il quitta ces lieux qui
" lui étaient devenues si chers. Son
" voyage dans la terre sainte, ses combats
" avec les infidèles rien ne put lui faire
" perdre le souvenir de la belle demoiselle
" du Rhin il songeain sans cesse au chateau
" D'Argenfels. Dans une sortie que firent
" les Saracens ; Diether fut blesse et fait
" prisonnier ; dans son affliction il fit voeu
" de batir une chapelle s'il avoit le bonheur
" de recouvrer sa liberté et revoir la terre
" ses ayeux. Apres un siège long et
" opiniâtre, la ville fut prise par les Chré-
" tiens & Diether fut delivré de ses fers.

" Pour remplir son voeu & revoir la belle
" Berthe, il s'ambarqua sur le premia vais-
" seau qu'il fut trouver, pour Venise, & s'en
" retourna de là en Allemagne. Ce fut
" avec la plus vive joie qu'il revit les bords
" fortunées du Rhin, & qu'il accourut au
" chateau D'Argentels. Mais déjà de loin
" il ne remarque au lieu du chateau, que
" des ruines & des traces de ravage.

" Arrive sur la montagne il ne vit tout
" autour aucuns vestiges d'hommes &
" l'herbe naissante croissait sur les mu-
" railles & les tours dilabrées. Sa dou-
" leur etait extrême.

" Les habitans du village voisin lui re-
" contèrent que le chateau avait été pris &
" saccagé par les ennemis du Bourgrave,
" que lui-même avait trouvé la mort en
" combattant, et qu'on ignorait ce qu'
" etaient devenues ses filles.

" Ce fut un second coup de Poignard,
" dans le cœur de Diether, il se hâta de
" regagner son chateau, & le joie ne revint

" plus dans son cœur. Enfin il résolut de
" bâtir dans une contrée inhabitée & iso-
" lée une cellule & une petite église, pour
" y passer ses jours dans le deuil & la de-
" votion. Un jour que de grand matin, il
" parcourait la contrée, pour y trouver
" un petit endroit, tel qu'il le souhaitait,
" & sans faire attention au chemin il ar-
" riva au Stromberg, qu'une épaisse foret
" couvrait jusqu'à sa cime chemin.

" Tout d'un coup il apercoit une croix
" de pierre & un hermitage à côte. De-
" vant la croix était a genouillée une
" figure de femme en costume d'hermite.
" C'etait Berthe. Il n'est pas possible de
" décrire les transports qu'els eurent de se
" revoir. Le demoiselle & sa sœur s'é-
" taient à la prière de leur pére sauvées du
" chateau, pendant le siège, par un allée
" souterraine, & avaient trové un asyle
" chez un charbonnier dans la forêt. Lors-
" qu'elles eurent appris la mort de leur
" père & le sac de leur chateau, elles reso-
" lurent de se defaire de bijoux qu'elles
" avaient emportés dans leur fuite, & de
" batir une cellule & un petit jardin.

"L'eloquence passionnée du chevalier
"parvint facilement à détourner Berthe de
"sa résolution & a l'engager à le prendre
"pour époux, mais la soeur ainée persista
"dans son dessein de rester dans la retraite.
"Diether lui fit bâtir un ermitage plus
"commode & une chapelle à côté où re-
"posent encore ses cendres."

This chapel is now much frequented by pilgrims, and stands on the summit of the mountain embosomed in woods, and scarcely visible from the river.

APPENDIX, 50.

THE ruins of the palace of Charlemagne at *Ingelheim*, are not far from hence, and recalled to my mind the romantic loves of *Eginhard* and *Emma*. But it seems that the following legend is more current here; the abbess told me I might believe it, for it was related by *Jacques Schopen*.

"Charlemagne had a brother named *Ta-*
"*land*, and it was to him that he confided

" his beautiful bride *Hildegarde*, when he
" went to fight against the Saxons. But
" Taland conceived a criminal passion for
" the Queen, and had the temerity to avow
" it to her. She repulsed him indignantly;
" but one day, when pressing his suit, she
" bade him build a secret apartment where
" she might visit him without suspicion
" Taland was overwhelmed with joy, and
" the building was soon finished in a wil-
" derness in the garden.

" Hildegarde entered with him, but
" stopping behind at the second gate, she
" shut him in, intending to keep him there
" till the return of her husband.

" Some months afterwards she had news
" that Charles was returning, and in her
" joy released her prisoner: but he, with
" the intention of being revenged, instantly
" appeared before the Emperor, and ac-
" cused the Queen of a want of fidelity to
" him. Upon Charles's arrival at his castle
" he ordered her to be thrown into the
" Rhine. But she saved herself by flying
" to a neighbouring chateau.

"Sometime afterwards the Emperor ar-
"rived unexpectedly at this chateau,
"where the Queen was concealed, and
"Taland was in his suite; he perceived
"her at a window, and pointing her out
"to the Emperor, in his rage, he ordered
"her to be conducted into the forest, and
"have her eyes put out.

"In the instant, when this sentence was
"about to be carried into execution, sud-
"denly a knight, whom *Adelinde*, the
"wife of *Count Other*, had sent to invite
"her sister to the chateau, appeared, and
"delivered her from the hands of the as-
"sassins.

"Hildegarde, begging the company of a
"lady of distinction, *Rosine de Bbilmin*,
"assumed the habit of a pilgrim, and
"went to Rome, where she studied the
"virtues of simples and medicinal herbs.

"She cured many sick at Rome, and
"her reputation went abroad. In the
"mean time Taland was taken ill, and
"hearing the fame of the woman at Rome,

"persuaded Charles to accompany him
"thither. His first business was to repair
"instantly to the house where Hildegarde
"lived, where encountering her compa-
"nion he told his errand, and that he was
"the brother of Charlemagne; this Rosine
"de Bodein reported to the Queen, who
"ordered him to confess himself, before
"which she could be of service: he
"did so, and received from her attendant
"the medicines which soon cured him.—
"The Emperor was astonished, and or-
"dered this extraordinary woman before
"him; she sent word that she was not
"able to come, but that if he would re-
"pair to St. *Peter's* the next morning, she
"would be there. Charlemagne went,
"and at the hour fixed found her there
"with the Pope. He instantly recognized
"his Queen, and learnt from her mouth
"all that had passed. Taland was con-
"demned to death, but spared at her re-
"quest and banished, while she returned
"with the Emperor."

THE END.

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